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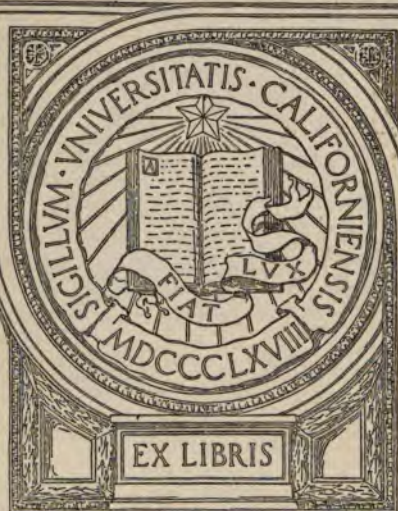
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WILLIAM C. HABBERLEY

*Compliments of*  
*Thos. C. Zimmerman*

**SCHILLER'S**

*Schiller, Johann Christoph Fr.*

# **"The Song of the Bell,"**

**AND OTHER POEMS.**

---

. . . TRANSLATED BY . . .

**THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.**

[SECOND EDITION, 1896.]

[PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.]

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READING, PA.

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PRESERVATION  
COPY ADDED

MIF 6-14-90

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND  
WILLIAM M. GRISCOM, Esq.,  
TO WHOSE KINDLY OFFICES  
WHILE A RESIDENT OF BERLIN, GERMANY,  
THE TRANSLATOR  
WAS MUCH INDEBTED FOR LITERARY FAVORS,  
THIS VOLUME IS  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

GIFT

*Wm. C. Schuchert  
(printed plates)*

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1896

[The present volume has been reprinted to accommodate a steadily-increasing demand for the translator's rendition of "The Song of the Bell," which he has not been able to supply. A great many letters of commendation of his work, which appeared in the first edition, have been omitted in this, while a number of others, from distinguished sources, which were received after the initial volume had made its appearance, have been inserted in this. Other new matter, such as Mr. Zimmerman's address on Schiller's birthday anniversary, together with his translation of Luther's celebrated hymn, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*,' and a few other translations, will also be found in this edition.]

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S



# The Song of the Bell.

*Vivos Foco. Mortuos Plango. Fulgura Frango.*

Firmly wailed in earth, and steady,  
Stands the mold of well burnt clay.  
Quick, now, workmen, be ye ready !  
Forth must come the bell to-day !  
Hot from forehead's glow  
Must the sweat-drops flow,  
Should the master praise be given ;  
Yet the blessing comes from Heaven.

The work prepared with so much ardor  
May well an earnest word become ;  
When good discourse attends the labor,  
Then flows employment briskly on.  
Observe with care, then, what arises—  
See what from feeble strength escapes;  
The man so poor, each one despises,  
Who ne'er foresees the form he shapes.  
'Tis this that man so well adorneth,  
For mind hath he to understand  
That in his inner heart he feeleth  
Whate'er he fashions with his hand.

Take the wood from trunks of pine-  
trees,  
But well-seasoned let it be,  
That th' imprisoned flame may, bursting  
Strike the flue with lurid glee !  
Let the copper brew !  
Quick ! the tin add, too !  
That the tough bell metal, flowing,  
May the proper way be going.

What in this pit, with hidden power,  
The hands with help of fire create,  
High up in yonder belfry-tower,  
Will peak of us in tones elate.  
And times remote will hear it tolling.  
And many an ear its sounds will thrill;  
Affliction's plaint, too, be condoling,  
And help Devotion's choir to fill.  
Whatever to this earthly pilgrim  
This ever-changing life may bring,  
Will strike upon its crown's clear metal  
Those tones will then reverb'rate ring.

Bubbles white now see I bursting;  
Good! the mass is melting now;  
Let alkali be thrown in with it,  
That will quick promote its flow.  
And from dross set free  
Must the mixture be, [sing,  
That from the metal's unmixed sound-  
Clear and full may the bell be sounding.

*Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.*

Festgemauert in der Erden  
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt.  
Heute muß die Glocke werden !  
Frisch, Gefellen, seid zur Hand !  
Von der Stirne heiß  
Müssen muß der Schweiß,  
Soll das Werk den Meister leben ;  
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

Zum Werke, das wir ernst bereiten,  
Geizt sich wohl ein ernstes Wort ;  
Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten,  
Dann fließt die Arbeit munter fort.  
So laßt uns jetzt mit Fleiß betrachten,  
Was durch die schwache Kraft entspringt ;  
Den schlechten Mann muß man verachten,  
Der nie bedacht, was er vollbringt.  
Das ist's ja, was den Menschen jieret.  
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,  
Daß er im innern Herzen spüret,  
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

Rehmet Holz vom Fichtenstamme,  
Doch recht trocken laßt es sein,  
Daß die eingepreßte Flamme  
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein.  
Rocht des Kupfers Brei !  
Schnell das Zinn herbei,  
Daß die zähe Glockenpeise  
Fließe nach der rechten Weise !

Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube  
Die Hand mit Feuers Hülfe baut,  
Hoch auf des Thurmes Glockenstube,  
Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.  
Noch dauern wird's in späten Tagen  
Und rühren vieler Menschen Ohr,  
Und wird mit dem Betrübnen klagen  
Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.  
Was unten tief dem Erdenlohn  
Das wechselnde Verhängniß bringt,  
Das schlägt an die metallne Krone,  
Die es erbauet weiter klingt.

Weiße Blasen seh' ich springen ;  
Wohl ! die Massen sind im Fluß.  
Laßt's mit Alkalisalz durchbringen,  
Das befördert schnell den Fluß.  
Auch vom Schaume rein,  
Muß die Mischung sein,  
Daß vom reinlichen Metalle  
Kein und voll die Stimme schalle,

For, with its joyous, festal ringing,  
It greets the child, in accents clear,  
Who, wrapt in sleep, is just beginning  
His earliest step in life's career.  
In Time's dark womb for him reposes  
A crown of thorns, a wreath of roses.  
A mother guards—her love attending—  
His golden morn with beauty blending—  
Arrow—swiftly flies each year.  
From maid the boy now proudly runneth,  
With pilgrim's staff doth madly roam  
Throughout the world; at last returneth  
A stranger in his father's home.  
And beauteous, in her youthful splendor,  
Like vision from celestial skies,  
With modest mien and blushes tender,  
He sees the maid before his eyes.  
A nameless longing, pleasure-thrilling,  
Then seized the youth; alone strays he;  
His eyes with copious tears are filling,  
From brothers' wild sports doth he flee.  
Encrimsoned, now, her steps he traces,  
Her greeting's like a joy new-born,  
The fairest flower in field embraces  
Wherewith his loved one to adorn.

O sweetest hope! O tender longing!  
The earliest love's first golden time!  
The eye, it sees the heavens thronging  
With rapt'rous sights and scenes sublime:  
O that they would be never-ending,  
These vernal days, with lovelight blending;

See the pipes already brow-ning!  
This small bar I dip therein;  
If it show a glazed coating,  
Then the casting may begin.  
Workmen, quickly go;  
Prove the mixture's flow.  
When soft and brittle fuse together,  
'Tis a sign propitious ever.

For when the stern and soft are sharing,  
And strength with gentleness is pairing,  
The harmony is sweet and strong.  
Who, therefore, would be bound forever,  
Must see that hearts agree together!—  
Illusion's brief, repentance long.  
Lovely, in the bride's fair tresses,  
Plays the virgin wreath of green,  
When the merry church bells, ringing,  
Summon to the joyous scene.  
Ah! life's sweetest festal moments  
Also end life's sunny May,  
With the veil, and with the girdle,  
Fond illusions fade away.  
For passion will fly,  
But love be surviving;  
The flower must die,  
The fruitage be thriving.  
The man must be out  
In life's battle fighting,  
Be struggling and striving,

Denn mit der Freude Feierklänge  
Begrüßt sie das geliebte Kind  
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,  
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;  
Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschooße  
Die schwarzen und die heitern Loos;—  
Der Mutterliebe zarte Sorgen  
Bewachen seinen goldnen Morgen —  
Die Jahre fliehen pfeilgeschwind.  
Dem Mädchen reißt sich stolz der Knabe,  
Er stürmt ins Leben wild hinaus,  
Durchmüht die Welt am Wanderstabe,  
Fremd lehrt er heim ins Vaterhaus.  
Und herrlich in der Jugend Brangen,  
Wie ein Gebild aus Himmelshöhn,  
Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen  
Sieht er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn.  
Da faßt ein namenloses Sehnen  
Des Jünglings Herz, er tritt allein,  
Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,  
Er flieht der Brüder wilden Reihn.  
Erdröthend folgt er ihren Spuren  
Und ist von ihrem Gruß beglückt,  
Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,  
Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.

O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen!  
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit!  
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,  
Es schwebt das Herz in Seligkeit:  
O, daß sie ewig grünen bliebe,  
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

Wie sich schon die Pfeifen bräunnen!  
Dieses Stübchen tauch' ich ein,  
Sehn wir's überglast erscheinen,  
Wird's zum Guffe zeitig sein.  
Jetzt, Gefellen, frisch!  
Brüht mir das Gemisch,  
Ob das Spröde mit dem Weichen  
Sich vereint zum guten Reichen.

Dem, wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,  
Wo Starres sich und Milde paaren,  
Da giebt es einen guten Klang.  
Drum prüfe, wer sich ewig bindet,  
Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!  
Der Wehn ist kurz, die Heu' ist lang.  
Lieblich in der Braute Boden  
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,  
Wann die heilen Kirchenglocken  
Luten zu des Fest's Glanz.  
Ach! das Lebens schönste Feier  
Endigt auch den Lebensmai,  
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier  
Reißt der schöne Bahn entzwei.  
Die Leidenschaft flieht,  
Die Liebe muß kläuben;  
Die Blume verblüht,  
Die Frucht muß treiben.  
Der Mann muß hinaus  
Ins feindliche Leben,  
Muß wirken und streben

And planting and working,  
No artifice shirking;  
Be risking and staking,  
His fortune o'ertaking.  
Then riches flow in, like a river unending,  
With costliest treasures the garners are  
bending; [spreads out;  
The store-rooms expand, the mansion  
And in it reigneth  
The housewife so modest,  
The gentlest of mothers,  
Who wisely, sweetly,  
Ruleth discreetly;  
The maidens she traineth,  
The boys she restraineth;  
Her work ne'er decreasing  
She toileth unceasing;  
With well-ordered pains  
She adds to the gains, [with treasure,  
And fills up the sweet-scented presses  
Round the spindle reels thread to its  
swift-whirring measure, [until full  
And hoards, in the bright-polished chest,  
The linen so snow-white, and the glisten-  
ing wool; [she adds ever,  
The gloss and shimmer to the good  
And resteth never.

And the father, with joyful mien,  
From the mansion's high, far-seeing gable  
Counts his wealth in the blooming scene;  
Sees the landmarks his estate surround-  
ing.

And the barn's well-filled bins abounding,  
And the gran'ries, with bounty bending,  
And the waving grain, its sunshine lend-  
Boasting, with pride-lit face: [ing;  
"Firm as the earth's own base,  
'Gainst all misfortune's might,  
Stands my house in stately height!"  
But with Dest'ny is there, seeming,  
No lasting union interweaving,  
And Misfortune strideth fast.

Good! at once begin the casting:  
A jagged grain the breach presents;  
But, before we set it running,  
Pray some pious sentiments!  
Th' tap knock out! And, Lord,  
Well this house do guard!  
From the smoking mold come, gushing,  
Th' fire-brown wavelets onward rush'g.

How friendly is the fire's might,  
When tamed by being watched aright;  
And what man fashions, what creates,  
From this heaven-born force he takes.  
But fearful this promethean wonder,  
When its fetters break asunder.  
And madly leaps unchecked along!  
Dame Nature's daughter, free and strong!  
Woe, when once 'tis liberated,  
Spreading free on every hand;

Und pflanzen und schaffen,  
Erkräften, erraffen,  
Muß wetten und wagen,  
Das Glück zu erjagen.  
Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe,  
Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köstlicher Habe,  
Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus.  
Und drinnen waltet  
Die züchtige Hausfrau,  
Die Mutter der Kinder,  
Und herrschet weise  
Im häuslichen Kreise,  
Und lehret die Mädchen  
Und wehret den Knaben,  
Und regt ohn' Ende  
Die fleißigen Hände,  
Und mehrt den Gewinn  
Mit ordentlichem Sinn,  
Und füllet mit Schätzen die duftenden Laden,  
Und dreh't um die schnurrende Spindel den  
Faden,  
Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein  
Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneeyigen Lein,  
Und süget zum Guten den Glanz und den  
Schimmer  
Und ruhet nimmer.

Und der Vater mit frohem Blick,  
Von des Hauses weitsehendem Giebel  
Ueberzählet sein blühend Glück,  
Siehet der Pfosten ragende Räume  
Und der Scheunen gefüllte Räume  
Und die Speicher, vom Segen gebogen,  
Und des Kornes bewegte Wogen,  
Hühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:  
Fest, wie der Erde Grund,  
Gegen des Unglücks Nacht  
Sieht mir des Hauses Pracht!  
Doch mit des Geschicks Nächten  
Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,  
Und das Unglück schreitet schnell.

Wohl! nun kann der Guß beginnen;  
Schön gezack't ist der Bruch.  
Doch, bevor wir's lassen rinnen,  
Betet einen frommen Spruch!  
Stoß den Zapfen aus!  
Gott bewahr' das Haus!  
Rauchend in des Hentels Bogen  
Schiebt's mit feuerbraunen Wogen.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Nacht,  
Wenn sie der Muth begähmt, bewacht,  
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,  
Das dankt er diejer Himmelskraft;  
Doch fürchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,  
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft,  
Einhtritt auf der eignen Spur,  
Die freie Tochter der Natur.  
Wehe, wenn sie losgelassen,  
Wachsend ohne Widerstand,

Through the streets like fiend unsated,  
Quickly moves the monstrous brand  
By the elements is hated  
Work that's done by human hand :

From the clouds come  
Richest blessing,  
Rains refreshing;  
From the clouds, 'mid thunder's crash,  
Lightnings flash.  
Hear'st from yon spire the wild alarm?  
That's the storm!  
Red as blood  
Are the skies;  
That is not the daylight's flood. a  
What tumults rise  
Along each street!  
Up, smoke and heat.  
Through the streets, with fury flaring,  
Stalks the fire with fiendish glaring,  
Rushing as if the whirlwind sharing!  
Like the blast from furnace flashing  
Glow the air, and beams are crashing,  
Pillars tumbling, windows creaking,  
Mothers wandering, children shrieking,  
Beasts are moaning,  
Running, groaning  
'Neath the ruins; all are frightened,  
Bright as day the night enlightened.

Through the chain of hands, extending,  
Wi' zeal contending,  
Flies the bucket; bow-like, soaring,  
High in air the stream is pouring.  
Comes the tempest, howling, roaring,  
Rushing in the path of flame,  
Crackling 'mid the well-dried grain,  
In the gran'ry chambers falling,  
'Long the well-dried rafters bawling;  
As if 'twould surely tear, in blowing,  
The very earth itself and bear  
It upwards through the lurid air.  
High as heaven the flames are growing—  
Giant tall!  
Hopeless, all,  
Man submits to might o'erpow'ring;  
Idly sees, what first seemed low'ring,  
His work to sure destruction going.

All burnt out are  
Town and village,  
Rugged beds of the tempest's pillage.  
In the hollow gaping windows  
Gloom is sitting,  
And the clouds, through heaven sitting,  
Look within.

One look at last  
Where the measure  
Of his treasure  
Buried lies, man turns to cast—  
Then clutches he his staff with pleasure.  
Whate'er the flames took from his home,  
One solace ever him consoleth:

Durch die vollbesetzten Gassen  
Wälzt den ungeheuren Brand!  
Denn die Elemente hasen  
Das Gebild der Menschenhand;

Aus der Wolke  
Duellt der Segen,  
Strömt der Regen;  
Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,  
Zuckt der Strahl.  
Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Thurm!  
Das ist Sturm!  
Roth, wie Blut,  
Ist der Himmel;  
Das ist nicht des Tages Gluth!  
Welch Getümmel  
Straßen auf!  
Dampf walt auf!  
Kladdernd steigt die Feuerfäule,  
Durch der Straße lange Zeile  
Wächst es fort mit Windeseile;  
Kochend, wie aus Ofen Rachen,  
Glühn die Lüfte, Balken krachen,  
Pfosten stürzen, Fenster klirren,  
Kinder jammern, Mütter irren,  
Thiere wimmern  
Unter Trümmern;  
Alles rennet, rettet, flüchtet,  
Taghell ist die Nacht gelichtet;

Durch der Hände lange Kette  
Um die Wette  
Fliegt der Eimer; hoch im Bogen  
Spritzen Quellen Wasservogel.  
Heulend kommt der Sturm geflogen,  
Der die Flanne brausend sucht.  
Brassend in die dürre Frucht  
Fällt sie, in des Speichers Räume,  
In der Sparren dürre Räume,  
Und als wollte sie im Wehen  
Mit sich fort der Erde Bucht  
Reißen in gewalt'ger Flucht,  
Wächst sie in des Himmels Höhen  
Hiesengroß!  
Hoffnungslos  
Weicht der Mensch der Stürme Wuth,  
Nüchtern sieht er seine Werte  
Und bewundernd untergehn.

Geergebrannt  
Ist die Stätte,  
Wüder Stürme raubes Bette.  
In den öden Fensterhöhlen  
Wohnt das Grauen,  
Und des Himmels Wollen schauen  
Hoch hinein.

Einen Blick  
Nach dem Grabe  
Seiner Habe  
Sendet noch der Mensch zurück —  
Greift fröhlich dann zum Wanderstabe,  
Was Feuers Wuth ihm auch geraubt,  
Ein süßer Trost ist ihm geblieben :

He counts the heads of those he loveth,  
And lo! not one dear head is gone.

In the earth 'tis now reposing  
Haply we the mold did fill;  
Will the light, its form disclosing,  
Thus repay our toil and skill?  
Should the casting crack!  
Should the matrix break!  
Ah, perhaps, while hope is glowing,  
Its bad work's already showing.

To earth's dark womb, our hopes pos-  
sessed,  
Concide we what our hands have done,  
As trusts the sower the seed he's sown,  
And hopes 'twill bloom into a blessing,  
And bless him, then, as heaven has shown.  
Yet costlier seed, in sorrow sowing,  
We trembling hide in earth's dark womb,  
And hope that from the coffin, growing,  
A fairer form will sometime bloom.

From the steeple  
Sad and strong;  
Th' bell is tolling  
A fun'ral song. [ing  
Sad and slow its mournful strokes attend—  
Some poor wanderer tow'ards his last  
home wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one;  
Ah! it is the faithful mother,  
Whom the Prince of Shades, unheeding,  
From the husband's arms is leading,  
From the group of children there,  
Whom she blooming to him bare;  
On whose breast saw, maid and boy,  
Growing with maternal joy.  
Ah! the household ties so tender,  
Sundered are forevermore;  
Gone into the realm of shadows  
She who ruled this household o'er.  
Now her faithful reign is ended,  
She will need to watch no more;  
In the orphaned place there ruleth  
A stranger, loveless evermore.

'Till the bell be rightly coolèd,  
Let us rest from toil severe.  
As the bird 'mid foliage playeth,  
So may each be blessed with cheer.  
When stars twinkling come—  
With labor's duty done—  
Th' workman hears the vespers ringing.  
Still to master care is clinging.

Homeward now, with joy attending.  
Far in forest wild the wand'rer  
Towards his loved cot is wending.  
Slowly home the sheep are winding.  
And the cattle,  
Broad-browed, gentle, sleek, assembling,  
Come in lowing,  
Their accustomed places knowing.

Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,  
Und sieh! ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.

In die Erd' ist's aufgenommen,  
Glücklich ist die Form gefüllt;  
Wird's auch schön zu Tage kommen,  
Dah' es Fleiß und Kunst vergilt?  
Wenn der Guß mißlang?  
Wenn die Form zerprang?  
Ach, vielleicht indem wir hoffen,  
Hat uns Unheil schon getroffen.

Dem dunkeln Schooß der heil'gen Erde  
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,  
Vertraut der Sämann seine Saat  
Und hofft, daß sie entkeimen werde  
Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rath.  
Noch köstlicheren Samen bergen  
Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoß  
Und hoffen, daß er aus den Särgen  
Erblißen soll zu schönern Loos.

Von dem Dome,  
Schwer und bang,  
Tönt die Glöde  
Grabgesang.  
Ernst begleiten ihre Trüerschlage  
Einen Wanderer auf dem letzten Wege.

Ah! die Gattin ist's, die theure,  
Ach! es ist die treue Mutter,  
Die der schwarze Fürst der Schatten  
Wegführt aus dem Arm des Gatten.  
Aus der arten Kinder Schaar,  
Die sie blühend ihm gebart,  
Die sie an der treuen Brust  
Wachsen sah mit Mutterlust —  
Ach! des Hauses harte Bande  
Sind gelöst auf immerdar;  
Denn sie wohnt im Schattenlande,  
Die des Hauses Mutter war;  
Denn es fehlt ihr treues Walten,  
Ihre Sorge wacht nicht mehr;  
An verwaiseter Stätte schallen  
Wird die Fremde, liebeleer.

Bis die Glöde sich verkühlt,  
Laßt die strenge Arbeit ruhn.  
Wie im Laub der Vogel spielt,  
Mag sich jeder gütlich thun.  
Winkt der Sterne Licht,  
Ledig aller Pflicht,  
Hört der Dürch die Vesper sch'agen;  
Meister muß sich immer plagen.

Munter fördert seine Schritte  
Fern im wilden Forst der Wanderer  
Nach der lieben Heimathhütte.  
Blökend ziehen heim die Schafe,  
Und der Rinder  
Breitgestirnte, glatte Schaa'en  
Kommen brüllend,  
Die gewohnten Ställe füllend.

Filled with grain  
Reels the wagon,  
Heavy-laden,  
Bright with leaves  
On golden sheaves  
Garlands glance,  
And the youngest of the reapers  
Seek the dance,  
Street and market grow more silent;  
Household inmates now are seeking  
The cheering glow of lighted tapers,  
And closing town-gates 'gain are creak-  
Darkness spreadeth [ing.  
O'er the landscape;  
But the honest burgher dreadeth  
Not the night,  
Which alarm to evil spreadeth;  
For the eye of Law keeps watch aright.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,  
Heaven's daughter, lightly pressing,  
Bindeth those of equal station,  
Firmly lays the town's foundation,  
Calls the savage from his wildness,  
Bids him live in peace and mildness.  
Into human huts she enters,  
Acquainteth all with gentle manners,  
And that dearest band weaves 'round us  
Which to Fatherland hath bound us.

In a cheerful obligation  
Thousand busy hands unite,  
And in burning agitation  
Forces all are brought to light.  
Master stirs, and workmen, also,  
When guarded well, in Freedom's cause,  
Each rejoices in his station,  
Defying those who break the laws.  
Blessing is the prize of labor,  
Work for burgher grace commands;  
Kings are honored by their office,  
Honored we by busy hands.

Peace, all-gentle,  
Concord sweet,  
Tarry, friendly,  
Never from this place retreat!  
May the day, too, ne'er be dawning,  
When ruffian hordes of war, engaging,  
Through this peaceful vale go raging;  
When the heavens  
Which, with evening's rosy flashes,  
Softly beam,  
Shall towns and cities, in their ashes,  
Reflect the firelight's frightful gleam.

Instant break the mold to pieces,  
It has now its part well borne,  
That both heart and eye, delighted,  
May behold the perfect form.

Swing the hammer, swing,  
'Till the case shall spring,  
For the bell, to sight appearing,  
Must its outer shell be clearing.

Schwer herin  
Schwankt der Wagen,  
Kornbeladen;  
Bunt von Farben,  
Auf den Garben  
Liegt der Kranz,  
Und das junge Volk der Schnitter  
Hilft zum Tanz,  
Markt und Straße werden stiller;  
Um des Lichts geliebte Flamme  
Sammeln sich die Hausbewohner,  
Und das Stadthor schließt sich knurrend.  
Schwarz bedeckt  
Sich die Erde;  
Doch den sichern Bürger schredet  
Nicht die Nacht,  
Die den Bösen gräßlich wecket;  
Denn das Auge des Gesetzes wach

Heil'ge Ordnung, segensreiche  
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche  
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,  
Die der Städte Bau gegründet,  
Die herein von den Gefilden  
Rief den ungesell'gen Wilden,  
Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,  
Sie gewöhnt zu sanften Sitten,  
Und das theuerste der Bande  
Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!

Tausend fleiß'ge Hände regen,  
Helfen sich in munterm Bund,  
Und in feurigem Bewegen  
Werden alle Kräfte kund.  
Meister rührt sich und Gefelle  
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz;  
Jeder freut sich seiner Stelle,  
Bietet dem Verächter Trutz.  
Arbeit ist des Bürgers Zierde,  
Segen ist der Mühe Preis;  
Ehrt den König seine Würde,  
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiß.

Halber Friede,  
Süße Eintracht,  
Weilet, weilet  
Freundlich über dieser Stadt!  
Möge nie der Tag erscheinen,  
Wo des rauhen Krieges Forder  
Dieses stille Thal durchtoen,  
Wo der Himmel,  
Den des Abends sanfte Mäße  
Lieblich malt,  
Von der Dörfer, von der Städte  
Wildem Brande schrecklich straßt!

Nun zerbricht mir das Gebände,  
Seine Absicht hat's erfüllt,  
Daß sich Herz und Auge weide  
An dem wohl gelungenen Bild.

Schwingt den Hammer, schwingt,  
Bis der Mantel springt!  
Denn die Glock' soll auferstehen,  
Laß die Form in Stücken gehen.

The master, with judicious training,  
Knows when 'tis best to break the mold;  
But woe! when streams of ore, all glowing,  
Rush unchecked from out their hold!  
Blind raging, like the thunder's crashing,  
It bursts its fractured bed of earth,  
As if from out hell's jaws, fierce flashing,  
It spewed its flaming ruin forth.

Where forces rude are madly reigning,  
There can no perfect form be framing;  
When nations would themselves be free-  
ing,

The common weal will soon be fleeing.

Woe, when in the heart of cities  
The smouldering embers heaped-up lie,  
When the people, fetters bursting,  
Help themselves with savage cry!  
Rebellion, at the bell's strong cable,  
Sendeth out a howling sound;  
Though consecrate to peace and quiet,  
The tocsin rings the signal round.

"Equal'ty and Freedom!" men are  
shrilling,

To arms the peaceful burghers fly,  
The streets and halls with crowds are  
filling,

And murd'rous bands around there hie.  
Then women, to hyenas turning,  
'Mid horrors mock and jeer and jest,  
And tear, with panther's frenzy burning,  
The heart from every hostile breast.  
There's naught that's sacred more, for  
breaking

Are all the bonds of pious fear,  
The bad the good one's place is taking,  
Vice knows no law in its career.  
'Tis dangerous to wake the lion,  
Destructive is the tiger's tooth,  
But far more fierce, and far more fiendish,  
Deluded man bereft of ruth.

Woe to them who lend the sightless  
The heavenly torch to light the way!  
It guides them not, it can but kindle,  
And towns and lands in ashes lay.

Joy to me now God hath given!  
See ye! like a golden star,  
From the shell all bright and even,  
Comes the metal kernel clear.  
Bright the molten stream  
Plays like sunny beam.  
Lik' wise on th' 'scutcheon, clearing,  
Is the skillful work appearing

Come in, come in!  
Ye workmen all, the pit surrounding,  
Baptize the bell ere it be sounding!  
CONCORDIA its name shall be  
To heartfelt union and adoration  
May it summon all the congregation.

Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen  
Mit weiser Hand, zur rechten Zeit;  
Doch wehe, wenn in Flammenbächen  
Das glüh'nde Erz sich selbst befreit!  
Blindwüthend, mit des Donners Krachen,  
Zersprengt es das geborstne Haus,  
Und wie aus offnem Höllentrachen  
Speit es Verderben zündend aus.

No rohe Kräfte sinnlos walten,  
Da kann sich kein Gebild gestalten;  
Wenn sich die Völker selbst befreun,  
Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihn.

Weh, wenn sich in dem Schooß der Städte  
Der Feuerjunder still gehäuft,  
Das Volk, zerreißend seine Kette,  
Zur Eigenhilfe schrecklich greift!  
Da zerret an der Glocke Strängen  
Der Aufruhr, daß sie heulend schallt  
Und, nur geweiht zu Friedensklängen,  
Die Lösung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört man's hallen;  
Der ruhige Bürger greift zur Wehr,  
Die Straßen füllen sich, die Gassen,  
Und Bürgerbanden ziehn umher.  
Da werden Weiber zu Hyänen  
Und treiben mit Entsehn Scherz;  
Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Zähnen,  
Zerreißen sie des Feindes Herz.  
Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen  
Sich alle Bande frommer Scheu;

Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,  
Und alle Laster walten frei.  
Gefährlich ist's, den Leu zu wecken,  
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;  
Jedoch das Schrecklichste der Schrecken,  
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.  
Weh denen, die dem Ewigblinden  
Des Lichtes Himmelsadel lehn!  
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden,  
Und äschert Städte' und Länder ein.

Freude hat mir Gott gegeben!  
Sehet! wie ein goldner Stern,  
Aus der Hölle blank und eben,  
Schält sich der metallne Kern.  
Von dem Helm zum Kranz  
Spielt's wie Sonnenglanz,  
Auch des Wappens netze Silber  
Loben den erfahrenen Bilder.

Herein! herein!  
Gesellen alle, schließt den Reihen,  
Daß wir die Glocke tausend weihen!  
Concordia soll ihr Name sein.  
Zur Eintracht, zu herzinnigem Vereine  
Versammle sie die liebende Gemeine.

And this henceforth its calling be,  
Whereeto the master set it free!  
High o'er this nether world of ours,  
Shall it, in heaven's azure tent,  
Dwell where the pealing thunder lowers,  
And border on the firmament.  
It shall, too, be a voice from heaven,  
Like yonder starry hosts, so clear,  
Who in their course extol their Maker,  
And onward lead the wreath-crowned  
year.

To earnest things and things eternal,  
Devoted be its metal tongue, [pinions,  
And, hourly, Time, with swift-winged  
Will touch it as it flieeth on.  
Its tongue to Dest'ny 'twill be lending;  
No heart itself, from pity free  
Its swinging ever be attending  
Life's changeful play, whate'er it be.  
And as the sound is slowly dying  
That strikes with such o'erpow'ring  
might,

So may it teach that naught abideth,  
That all things earthly take their flight.

And now employ the cable's power,  
Raise the bell from out the ground,  
That in its roomy, air-built tower,  
It may reach the realms of sound!

Higher, higher raise!  
Now it moves, it sways!  
To this city Joy revealing,  
Be PEACE the first note of its pealing.

Und dies sei fortan ihr Beruf,  
Wozu der Meister sie erschuf:  
Hoch überm niedern Erdenleben  
Soll sie im blauen Himmelszelt,  
Die Nachbarin des Donners, schweben  
Und grenzen an die Sternennwelt,  
Soll eine Stimme sein von oben,  
Wie der Gestirne helle Schaar,  
Die ihren Schöpfer wandelnd loben  
Und führen das betränzte Jahr.  
Nur ewigen und ernstern Dingen  
Sei ihr metallner Mund geweiht,  
Und stündlich mit den schnellen Schwingen  
Berühr' im Fluge sie die Zeit.  
Dem Schicksal leise sie die Zunge,  
Selbst herzlos, ohne Mitgefühl,  
Begleite sie mit ihrem Schwunge  
Des Lebens wechselvolles Spiel.  
Und wie der Klang im Ohr vergehet,  
Der mächtig tönend ihr entschallt,  
So lehre sie, daß nichts bestet,  
Daß alles Irdische verhallt.

Jesu mit der Kraft des Stranges  
Wiegt die Glock' mir aus der Gruft,  
Daß sie in das Reich des Klanges  
Steige, in die Himmelsluft!

Ziehet, ziehet, hebt!  
Sie bewegt sich, schwebt.  
Freude dieser Stadt bedeute,  
Ihre erste sei ihr erst Geläute.

## Miscellaneous Poems.

### Sehnsucht.—The Longing.

SCHILLER.

Ach, aus dieses Thales Gründen,  
Die der kalte Nebel drückt,  
Könnst' ich doch den Ausgang finden,  
Ach, wie fühlt' ich mich beglückt !  
Dort erblick' ich schöne Hügel,  
Ewig jung und ewig grün !  
Hätt' ich Schwingen, hätt' ich Flügel,  
Nach den Hügeln zög ich hin.

Harmonieen hör' ich klingen,  
Töne süßer Himmelsruh,  
Und die leichten Winde bringen  
Mir der Dufte Balsam zu.  
Goldne Früchte seh' ich glühen,  
Winkend zwischen dunkeln Laub,  
Und die Blumen, die dort blühen,  
Werden keines Winters Raub.

Ach, wie schön muss sich's ergehen  
Dort im ewigen Sonnenschein,  
Und die Luft auf jenen Höhen—  
O, wie labend muss sie sein !  
Doch mir wehrt des Stromes Toben,  
Der ergrimmt dazwischen braust;  
Seine Wellen sind gehoben,  
Dass die Seele mir ergrast.

Einen Nachen seh' ich schwanken,  
Aber, ach! der Führmann fehlt.  
Frisch hinein und ohne Wanken !  
Seine Segel sind beseelt.  
Du musst glauben, du musst wagen,  
Wenn die Götter liehn kein Pfand ;  
Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen  
In das schöne Wunderland.

Alas! from out this lowly valley,  
Which the chilly mists oppress,  
Could I but the path discover,  
Fill'd I'd be with happiness!  
There I see yon lovely mountains;  
Ever young, and green all o'er !  
Had I wings, yea, had I pinions—  
To the mountains would I soar.

Harmonies do I hear ringing,  
Tones of heavenly rest and calm,  
And the gentle winds are bringing  
Wealth to me of odorous balm.  
Golden fruits, too, see I glowing,  
Glinting 'tween the dark green spray,  
And the flowers, there now blooming,  
Are no food for Winter's prey.

Ah ! in sunshine never ending  
It were sweet to wander free,  
And the air on yonder mountain—  
How refreshing it must be !  
But an angry stream confronts me,  
Torrents 'twixt us furious roll,  
Billows heave with dreadful menace.  
Striking terror to my soul.

See ! there comes a reeling shallop,  
But alas ! no pilot's there !  
Enter in it without wav'ring !  
Filled are all its sails with air.  
Thou must trust, must something venture,  
The gods to others pledge give ne'er ;  
Naught but wonder can convey thee  
To the Wonde land, so fair

## Der Alpen-Jäger.—The Alpine Hunter.

SCHILLER.

Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?  
Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,  
Nährt sich von des Grases Blüten,  
Spielend an des Baches Ränft.  
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,  
"Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!"

Willst du nicht die Heerde locken  
Mit des Hornes munterm Klang?  
Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken  
In des Waldes Lustgesang:  
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,  
"Schweifen auf den wilden Höhen!"

Willst du nicht der Blümlein warten,  
Die im Beete freundlich stehn?  
Draussen ladet dich kein Garten;  
Wild ist's auf den wilden Höh'n!  
"Lass die Blümlein lass sie blühen!  
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich ziehen!"

Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,  
Und es treibt und reißt ihn fort,  
Rastlos fort mit blindem Wagen  
An des Berges finstern Ort;  
Vor ihm her mit Windesschnelle  
Fliehet die zitternde Gazelle.

Auf der Felsen nackte Rippen  
Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,  
Durch den Riss gespaltner Klippen  
Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung:  
Aber hinter ihr verwogen  
Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen.

Jetzt auf den schroffen Zinken  
Hängt sie auf dem höchsten Grat,  
Wo die Felsen jäh versinken,  
Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.  
Unter sich die steile Höhe,  
Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.

Mit des Jammers stummen Blicken  
Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,  
Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrücken,  
Legt er schon den Bogen an;  
Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte  
Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.

Und mit seinen Götterhänden  
Schützt er das gequälte Thier.  
"Musst du Tod und Jammer senden,"  
Ruft er, "bis herauf zu mir?  
"Raum für Alle hat die Erde;  
"Was verfolgst du meine Heerde?"

Wilt thou not the lamb be heeding?  
Mild and innocent its look;  
Browsing on the blooming meadow,  
Playing by the babbling brook;  
"Mother, mother, let me fly  
"Hunting on the mountain high!"

Wilt thou not the herds be luring  
With the bugle's tones of cheer?  
Charming sounds from bells commingle  
With the woodland songs so clear.  
"Mother, mother, roaming, I,  
"Would to yonder mountain hie!"

Wilt thou please attend the flower,  
In its bed so sweet and bright?  
Garden none without, nor bower,  
Wild 'tis on the mountain height.  
"Let the flowers bloom and blow!  
"Mother, mother, let me go!"

And the boy went to the mountain,  
And heedless, both of time and place,  
With blinded zeal that knows no resting  
Thro' gloom he strides with rapid pace;  
Like the wind from out the dell,  
Panting, flies the swift gazelle.

On the rocky verge she climbeth  
With an easy, graceful swing,  
O'er the clefted rocks she leapeth  
With a swift and fearless spring:  
But behind her speeds the foe  
Recklessly with deadly bow.

See how o'er the rock-ribbed summit  
Hangs she, on the topmost height,  
Where the crags sink so abruptly,  
And the path is lost to sight.  
Under her the precipice,  
Close behind the foeman is.

At this man of stone she glances  
With silent looks so full of woe,  
But in vain; for he is ready  
To let his deadly arrow go.  
Instant from his cavern doors  
Th' ancient mountain spirit soars.

And with godlike hand he guarded  
This tortured creature from the foe.  
"To my house must you be sending  
"Death's darts," cried he, "and lasting  
"Room on earth for every one, [woe?  
"Why not let my flocks alone?"

## Ein feste Burg.—A Rock-Bound Fortress.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen.  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,  
Die uns jetzt hat be'roffen.  
Der alt' böse Feind  
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint;  
Gross' Macht und viel List,  
Sein' grausam' Rüstung ist,  
Auf Erd'n ist nicht sein's Gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan,  
Wir sind gar bald verloren;  
Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.  
Fragst du, wer Der ist?  
Er heisst Jesus Christ,  
Der Herr Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein andrer Gott;  
Das Feld muss Er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär  
Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,  
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fürst dieser Welt,  
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,  
Thut er uns doch nichts;  
Das macht, er ist gericht't,  
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stän  
Und kein'n Dank darzu haben.  
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan  
Mit Seinem Geist und Gaben.  
Nehmen sie den Leib,  
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib;  
Lass fahren dahin,  
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn:  
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben!

A rock-bound fortress is our God,  
A good defense and weapon.  
He helps us out of every need  
That doth us press or threaten.  
The old, wicked foe,  
With zeal now doth glow;  
Much craft and great might  
Prepare him for the fight,  
On earth there is none like him.

With our own strength there's nothing  
We're well nigh lost, dejected; [done,  
For us doth fight the proper One,  
Whom God Himself elected.  
Dost ask for His name?  
Christ Jesus—the same!  
The Lord of Sabaoth,  
The world no other hath;  
The field must He be holding.

And were the world with devils filled,  
With wish to quite devour us,  
We need not be so sore afraid,  
Since they can not o'erpower us.  
The Prince of this World,  
In madness though whirled,  
Can harm you nor me,  
Because adjudged is he,  
A little word can fell him.

This Word shall they now let remain,  
No thanks therefor attending;  
He is with us upon the plain,  
His gifts and spirit lending.  
Though th' body be ta'en,  
Goods, child, wife and fame;  
Go—life, wealth and kin!  
They yet can nothing win:  
For us remaineth th' Kingdom.

## Du Bist Wie Eine Blume.—Thou Art so Like a Flower.

HEINE.

Du bist wie eine Blume,  
So hold und schön und rein;  
Ich schau dich an und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
Betend, dass dich Gott erhalte,  
So rein und schön und hold.

Thou art so like a flower,  
So pure and bright and fair;  
I gaze on thee, and sadness  
Steals on me unaware.

I feel as if o'er thee, bending,  
My hands should close in pray'r;  
Praying that God may protect thee,  
And keep thee pure and fair.

## Des Knaben Berglied.—Shepherd Boy's Mountain Song.

UHLAND.

Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab,  
Seh' auf die Schlösser all herab;  
Die Sonne strahlt am ersten hier,  
Am längsten weilet sie bei mir;  
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge!

Hier ist des Stromes Mutterhaus,  
Ich trink' ihn frisch vom Stein heraus;  
Er braust vom Fels in wildem Lauf,  
Ich fang' ihn mit den Armen auf;  
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge!

Der Berg, der ist mein Eigenthum,  
Da ziehn die Stürme rings herum;  
Und heulen sie von Nord und Süd,  
So überschallt sie doch mein Lied:  
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge!

Sind Blitz und Donner unter mir,  
So steh' ich hoch im Blauen hier;  
Ich kenne sie und rufe zu:  
Lasst meines Vaters Haus in Ruh!  
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge!

Und wann die Sturmglock' einst erschallt,  
Manch Feuer auf den Bergen wallt,  
Dann steig' ich nieder, tret' ins Glied;  
Und schwing' mein Schwert, und sing'  
mein Lied:  
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge!

I am the mountain shepherd boy,  
The castles all below I see,  
The sun's first glimpses here are seen,  
And linger longest here with me;  
I am the mountain boy!

The torrent here its birthplace finds,  
I drink from out its stony bed;  
It frets and leaps and rushes down,  
I catch it with my arms outspread;  
I am the mountain boy!

The mountain-height, this is my home,  
Here sullen storms around me fly,  
And howl they from north to south,  
Still o'er them all you'll hear my cry:  
I am the mountain boy!

When thunders roll and lightnings flash,  
Here stand I far above the storm;  
I know them well and quickly call:  
"Protect my father's house from harm!"  
I am the mountain boy!

And when the tocsin once resounds,  
And mountain fires blaze along,  
Then I'll descend and join the throng,  
And swing my sword, and sing my  
song:  
I am the mountain boy!

## Die Himmels-Thräne.—The Crystal Tear.

Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint,  
Die hat sich ins Meer zu verlieren ge-  
meint,  
Die Muschel kam und schloss sie ein:  
Du sollst nun meine Perle sein.

Du sollst nicht vor den Wogen zagen,  
Ich will hindurch dich ruhig tragen;  
O, du mein Schmerz, du meine Lust,  
Du Himmelsthau in meiner Brust!

Gieb Himmel, dass ich in reinem Ge-  
müte,  
Den einsten deiner Tropfen hüte.

The heavens a crystal tear once shed,  
It sought its grave in the ocean's bed.  
A shell enclosed the shining sphere:  
My own dear pearl shalt thou be here.

Thou needst not fear the foam-flecked  
billow,  
My breast shall be thy peaceful pillow.  
O thou, my grief! thou, my delight!  
A gem as pure as heaven's own light.

O Heav'n, let me guard with soulful  
emotion,  
Thy purest gifts with true devotion.

# Es Herz:—En Lied.—The Heart:—A Song.

*From "Stadt und Land"—A Comedy in Upper-Austrian Dialect.*

FREDERICK KAISER.

's Herz is a g'spassigs Ding,  
Oft gar so schwar, oft gring,  
Oft is so, mäuserlstill,  
Oft hammert's wie a Mühl—  
Oft thut's am wohl, oft wieder schmerzen;  
Drum glaub' i in mein' Sinn,  
's sitzt was Lebendig's drin  
Ganz tief im Herzen.

's kann sogar dischkariern,  
Mit an a dischbadiern;  
I hans oft gar nit g'fragt  
Und 's hat mir do was g'sagt.  
Das thut am kruseln so und schlagen,  
's sein kani Wörter zwar,  
's redt aber deutli klar,  
's thut am Alles sagen  
Und nur durch's Schlagen.

Jetzt Mancher sagt: O mein!  
Wie kann das mögli sein?  
Der plauscht sich selber an,  
A bissel g'spürt er's schon,  
Er mag sich d' Wahrheit selbst nit sagen,  
Do hilfts nit g'schamig sein,  
Der droben schaut hinein,  
Dös thut dös Schlagen  
Am Jeden sagen.

's gibt Viel, dös gar nit hör'n,  
Wann d' Schläg rebellisch wern,  
Bei dö is Herz ganz weg,  
Is nit am rechten Fleck.  
Und erst ganz spat in alten Tagen  
Dan g'spürn sie's zentnerschwar  
Was früher war ganz laar—  
In alten Tagen  
Thut's weh dös Schlagen.

Woher dös Schlagen kümmt,  
Das wass ma halt mit b'stimmt.  
I man und bild mir ein,  
's wird unser Schutzgeist sein,  
Der thut nit seinen Flügel'n schlagen,  
Und wann ma genga drauf,  
Tragt er die Seel hinauf,  
Thut für an Jeden  
Da drobnet reden.

The heart is a curious thing,  
Oft sad, oft light of wing,  
Oft, mouse-like, 'tis so still,  
Oft hammers like a mill—  
Oft pleasure gives, with pain returning;  
Therefore do I believe,  
Something in it doth live—  
So deep its yearning.

Discourse it e'en can do,  
Dispute with oneself, too;  
Oft have I nothing sought,  
Yet me its answer brought.  
Inspired it was with fear, and beating;  
No words employed to teach,  
And yet how clear its speech;  
It tells one everything  
Only by beating.

Now, many a one will cry:  
How can this be?—Oh my!  
Deceive himself may he,  
And quickly felt 'twill be;  
From himself may he the truth be keeping,  
Ashamed, no help 'twill be,  
Within the heart sees He;  
This does the beating,  
To each one speaking.

There are some who fail to hear  
When the beats rebellious are;  
With such the heart's quite gone,  
At th' right place there is none.  
And not till late in life, that's fleeting,  
They feel a weight so sore  
Where naught had been before;  
As age is fleeting  
It pains, this beating.

From whence these beatings come  
Exactly knows no one;  
It must, I think, you'll see,  
Our guardian-angel be,  
That with his snow-white wings is beating;  
And when life's end we mourn,  
The soul's by him upborne,  
For each good's seeking  
Above he's pleading.

## Nach Einem Alten Liede.—After An Old Song.

JACOBI.

Sagt, wo sind die Veilchen hin,  
Die so freudig glänzten,  
Und der Blumen Königin  
Ihren Weg bekränzten?  
"Jüngling, ach! der Lenz entflieht;  
"Diese Veilchen sind verblüht."

Sagt, wo sind die Rosen hin,  
Die wir singend pflückten,  
Als sich Hirt und Schäferin  
Hut und Busen schmückten?  
"Mädchen, ach! der Sommer flieht;  
Diese Rosen sind verblüht."

Führe denn zum Bächlein mi h,  
Das die Veilchen tränkte,  
Das mit leisem Murmeln sich  
In die Thäler senkte.  
"Luft und Sonne glühten sehr!  
"Jenes Bächlein ist nicht mehr."

Bringe denn zur Laube mich,  
Wo die Rosen standen,  
Wo in treuer Liebe sich  
Hirt und Mädchen fanden.  
"Wind und Hagel stürmten sehr;  
"Jene Laube grünt nicht mehr."

Sagt, wo ist das Mädchen hin,  
Das, weil ich's erblickte,  
Sich mit demuthvollem Sinn  
Zu den Veilchen bückte?  
"Jüngling! alle Schönheit flieht;  
"Auch das Mädchen ist verblüht."

Sagt, wo ist der Sänger hin,  
Der auf bunten Wiesen  
Veilchen, Ros' und Schäferin,  
Laub und Bach gepriesen?  
"Mädchen, unser Leben flieht;  
"Auch der Sänger ist verblüht."

Say, whither have th' violets gone,  
That erst shone serenely,  
And that made a pathway bright  
For the rose so queenly?  
"Gentle youth! the spring has fled,  
"And the violets now are dead."

Say, where have the roses gone  
Which we plucked at morning,  
Shepherdess and shepherd deck'd,  
Hat and breast adorning?  
"Maiden dear! the summer's fled,  
"And the roses, too, are dead."

Lead me where the violets  
At the brook were drinking;  
Where i' the vale, too, murmuring,  
The stream was gently sinking.  
"Brightly glowed both sun and air,  
"Th' brooklet is no longer there."

Lead me to arboreal shade,  
Where, 'mid roses blooming,  
Th' shepherd and his gentle maid  
Notes of love were tuning.  
"Wind and hailstorm raged with pow'r,  
"Leafless now the shady bow'r."

Say, where has the maiden gone,  
Who with meekness wending  
'Mong the flow'rs, observed I there  
O'er the violets bending?  
"Gentle youth! all beauty dies;  
"Dead there, too, the maiden lies."

Say, where has the singer gone,  
Who, 'mid the meadow's flowers,  
Sang of roses, violets, too,  
Of maidens, brooks and bowers?  
"Maiden, list! our lives flee 'way,  
"Silent now the singer's lay."

## Wanderer's Nachtlied.—Wanderer's Night Song.

GOETHE.

Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch.  
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Over every summit  
There's rest;  
Scarce e'en a zephyr  
Th' woodland's crest  
Wafteth to thee.  
The birdlings are hushed in their song,  
Only wait! ere long  
At rest thou'lt be.

## Wie der Mond.—As the Moon.

HEINE.

Wie der Mond sich leuchtend dränget  
Durch den dunkeln Wolkenflor,  
Also taucht aus dunkeln Zeiten  
Mir ein liches Bild hervor.

Sassen All' auf dem Verdecke,  
Fuhren stolz hinab den Rhein,  
Und die sommergrünen Ufer  
Glühn im Abendsonnenschein.

Sinnend sass ich zu den Füßen  
Einer Dame schön und hold;  
In ihr liebes, bleiches Antlitz  
Spielt' das rothe Sonnengold.

Lauten klangen, Buben sangen,  
Wunderbare Fröhlichkeit!  
Und der Himmel wurde blauer,  
Und die Seele wurde weit.

Märchenhaft vorüberzogen  
Berg' und Burgen, Wald und Au;—  
Und das Alles sah ich glänzen  
In dem Aug' der schönen Frau.

As the moon with sudden brightness  
Flashes through the clouds its light,  
So through days almost forgotten  
Comes a vision fair and bright.

On the deck we all were seated,  
Proudly sailing down the Rhine,  
And the banks, in summer verdure,  
Glow'd in evening's sun, like wine.

At a lady's feet I sat me,  
Fair her features to behold;  
On her pale and beauteous visage  
Play'd the rosy sunlight's gold.

Lutes were sounding, youths were singing,  
Festal joys held queenly reign;  
And the sky grew more cerulean,  
Fuller still the soul became.

Hill and castle, wood and meadow,  
Pass'd like fairy visions bright;  
And the scene I saw reflected  
In that lady's eyes of light.

## Das Meer.—The Sea.

HEINE.

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus,  
Im letzten Abendscheine;  
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,  
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,  
Die Möve flog hin und wieder;  
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll  
Fielen die Thränen nieder

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,  
Und bin auf's Knie gesunken;  
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand,  
Die Thränen fortgetrunken

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,  
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;—  
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib  
Vergiftet mit ihren Thränen.

Quite radiant was the distant sea  
With evening's parting beams;  
By fisher's lonely cot sat we  
In silence and in dreams.

The mists arose, the waters swell'd,  
And gulls flew far and near;  
From out thine eyes, so full of love,  
Dropp'd many a silent tear.

I saw them falling on your hand,  
And sank upon my knee;  
I drank from off thy snow-white hand  
The tears you shed for me.

Since that sad hour I've pined away,  
My soul with longing dies;—  
That wretched maid hath poisoned me  
With her envenomed eyes.

# Mein Herz ist am Rheine.—My Heart's on the Rhine.

WOLFGANG MUELLER.

Mein Herz ist am Rheine, im heimischen  
Land!  
Mein Herz ist am Rhein, wo die Wiege  
mir stand,  
Wo die Jugend mir liegt, wo die Freunde  
mir blühen,  
Wo die Liebste mein denket mit won-  
nigem Glühn,  
O wo ich geschwelget in Liedern und  
Wein:  
Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist  
am Rhein!

My heart's on the Rhine, in my own  
native land!  
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear  
mother's hand,  
Where youth's pleasures lay, and where  
friends bloom around,  
Where th' heart of my love beats with  
rapturous bound,  
O where I have revelled in song and in  
wine:  
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the  
Rhine!

Dich grüss ich, du breiter, grüngoldiger  
Strom,  
Euch Schlösser und Dörfer und Städte  
und Dom,  
Ihr goldenen Saaten im schwellenden  
Thal,  
Dich Rebengebirge im sonnigen Strahl,  
Euch Wälder und Schluchten, dich Fel-  
sengestein,  
Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist  
am Rhein!

I greet thee, broad stream, in thy green-  
golden flow,  
Ye grain fields of gold in the valley  
below,  
Ye castles and hamlets and domes in the  
sky!  
Ye woods and ravines, and ye cliffs  
tow'ring high,  
Ye hills, too, all clad with the sun-illum'd  
vine,  
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the  
Rhine!

Dich grüss ich, o Leben mit sehnender  
Brust,  
Beim Liede, beim Weine, beim Tanze  
die Lust,  
Dich grüss ich, o theures, o wackres Ge-  
schlecht,  
Die Frauen so wonnig, die Männer so  
recht!  
Eu'r Streben, eu'r Leben, o mög' es ge-  
deihn:  
Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist  
am Rhein!

I greet thee, O life, and my heart yearns  
for thee  
In th' dance, in the cup, or the song's  
merry glee,  
My dearly loved race, these, my greetings  
to you,  
The maidens so bright, and the men  
tried and true!  
Your struggles, your lives, may success  
them en'wine:  
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the  
Rhine!

Mein Herz ist am Rheine, im heimischen  
Land!  
Mein Herz ist am Rhein, wo die Wiege  
mir stand;  
Wo die Jugend mir liegt, wo die Freunde  
mir blühen,  
Wo die Liebste mein denket mit won-  
nigem Glühn!  
O möget ihr immer dieselben mir sein!  
Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist  
am Rhein!

My heart's on the Rhine, in my own  
native land!  
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear  
mother's hand,  
Where youth's pleasures lay, and where  
friends bloom around,  
Where th' heart of my love beats with  
rapturous bound,  
O may evermore these same treasures be  
mine:  
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the  
Rhine!

# Gute Nacht.—Good Night.

GEIBEL.

Schon fängt es an zu dämmern,  
Der Mond als Hirt erwacht  
Und singt den Wolkenlämmern  
Ein Lied zur guten Nacht;  
Und wie er singt so leise,  
Da dringt vom Sternenkreise  
Der Schall ins Ohr mir sacht:  
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

Nun suchen in den Zweigen  
Ihr Nest die Vögelein,  
Die Halm' und Blumen neigen  
Das Haupt im Mondenschein,  
Und selbst des Mühlbach's Wellen  
Lassen das wilde Schwellen  
Und schlammern murmelnd ein.  
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

Von Thür zu Thüre waltet  
Der Traum, ein lieber Gast,  
Das Harfenspiel verhallt  
Im schimmernden Palast,  
Im Nachen schläft der Ferge,  
Die Hirten auf dem Berge  
Halten ums Feuer Rast.  
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

Und wie nun alle Kerzen  
Verlöschen durch die Nacht,  
Da schweigen auch die Schmerzen  
Die Sonn' und Tag gebracht;  
Lind säuseln die Cypressen,  
Ein seliges Vergessen  
Durchweht die Lüfte sacht.  
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

The shepherd moon is waking  
As day fades into night,  
And to the clouds, his lambkins,  
He sings a sweet "Good Night."  
And as I hear him singing,  
From stars come faintly ringing  
A sound in accents light:  
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

Now seeks within the branches  
The bird its cosy nest,  
The stately stalk and flower  
Each bends its moonlit crest.  
And e'en the brook's swift waters,  
As bright as earth's fair daughters,  
Submissive sink to rest.  
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

Sweet dreams, like welcome guests,  
Now go from door to door,  
Within the glittering palace  
Is heard the harp no more.  
Around the campfire, nesting,  
The shepherds now are resting,  
Sleeps the boatman at his oar.  
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

And as each glittering taper  
Is extinguished through the night,  
The pains which each day brings us  
Now seem to take their flight.  
Soft airs through trees come stealing,  
A bless'd, oblivious feeling  
Pervades the balmy night.  
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

Und wo von heissen Thränen  
Ein schwachtend Auge blüht,  
Und wo in bangem Sehnen  
Ein liebend Herz verglüht,  
Der Traum kommt leis' und linde  
Und singt dem kranken Kinde  
Ein tröstend Hoffnungslied.

Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

Gut Nacht denn, all ihr Müden,  
Ihr Lieben nah und fern!  
Nun ruh' auch ich in Frieden,  
Bis glänzt der Morgenstern.  
Die Nachtigall alleine  
Singt noch im Mondenscheine  
Und lobet Gott, den Herrn.

Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!  
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;  
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu  
Allüberall.

And when the burning tear-drops  
From languid eyes do start,  
And when from anxious craving  
No longer glows the heart,  
With music nigh elysian,  
To the sick child comes a vision,  
Sweet comfort to impart.

Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

Good night, then, all ye weary,  
Ye lov'd ones, far and near!  
In peace I'll, too, rest sweetly,  
Till the morning stars appear.  
The nightingale is singing,  
And to the Lord is ringing  
Its praises sweet and clear.

Slumber in peace, slumber in peace!  
All over the day and its sound;  
The Father's love will cover you all  
Wherever found.

## Dineta.—Vineta.

WILHELM MUELLER.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,  
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde  
Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluthen Schoos' hina'gesunken  
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn;  
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken  
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer  
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,  
Nach derselben Stelle schiff't er immer,  
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt,  
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde  
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,  
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken  
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

Und dann möcht ich tauchen in die Tiefen,  
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,  
Und mir ist, als ob mich Engel riefen  
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

Out of ocean's depths profound resound-  
ing.

Evening bells are ringing dull and faint,  
Telling, in their wondrous revelations,  
Of the wonder city, old and quaint.

'Neath the ocean's glittering bosom  
sunk,  
Ruins of that city still remain;  
Sparks of gold emitted from its turrets  
Shine enmirrored on the glassy main.

And the sailor who, at evening twilight,  
First beholds this magic sight appear,  
Ever after steers his vessel thither,  
Though the rocks around are threatening  
here.

From the human heart's profoundest  
soundings

Hear I tones like bells, so sad and low;  
Ah! they seem to tell a wondrous story  
Of the one it loved so long ago.

What a beauteous world beneath is  
sunk,

Ruins of it all make up the scene;  
Oftimes golden gleams from heaven-  
glimm'ring

On the mirror of my dreams are seen.

Then into the ocean's depths descending,  
Would I sink into those mirrored deeps,  
And I seem to hear the angels calling  
Down to where the wonder city sleeps.

## Meergruss.—Sea Greeting.

HEINE.

Thalatta ! Thalatta !  
 Sei mir gegrüsst, du ewiges Meer !  
 Sei mir gegrüsst zehntausendmal  
 Aus jauchzendem Herzen,  
 Wie einst dich begrüßten  
 Zehntausend Griechenherzen, [ende.  
 Unglückbekämpfende, heimatverlang-  
 Weltberühmte Griechenherzen.

Es wogten die Fluten,  
 Sie wogten und brausten,  
 Die Sonne goss eilig herunter,  
 Die spielenden Rosenlichter.  
 Die auf erschreckt-n MövENZüge  
 Flatterten fort, lautschreiend,  
 Es stampften die Rosse, es klorrten die  
 Schilde,  
 Und weithin erscholl es wie Siegesruf :  
 "Thalatta ! Thalatta !"

Sei mir gegrüsst, du ewiges Meer,  
 Wie Sprache der Heimat rauscht mir dein  
 Wasser,  
 Wie Träume der Kindheit sah ich es  
 flimmern  
 Auf deinem wogenden Wassergebiet,  
 Und alte Erinnerung erzählt mir auf's neue  
 Von all dem lieben, herrlichen Spielzeug.  
 Von all den blinkenden Weihnachtsgaben  
 Von alt den roten Korallenbäumen.  
 Goldfischchen, Perlen und bunten  
 Mueheln,  
 Die du geheimnisvoll bewahrt  
 Dort unten im klaren Krystallhaus.

O ! wie oft hab' ich geschmachtet in öder  
 Fremde !  
 Gleich einer welken Blume  
 In des Botanikers blecherner Kapsel  
 Lag mir das Herz in der Brust ;  
 Mir ist, als sass ich winterlange,  
 Ein Kranker, in dunkler Krankstube,  
 Und nun verlass ich sie plötzlich,  
 Und blendend strahlt mir entgegen  
 Der smaragdene Frühling, der sonnen-  
 geweckte,  
 Und es rauschen die weissen Blütenbäume,  
 Und die jungen Blumen schauen mich an  
 Mit bunten, duftenden Augen,  
 Und es duftet und summt und atmet und  
 lacht  
 Und im blauen Him melsingen die Vög-  
 lein—  
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thalatta ! Thalatta !  
 I hail thee, thou everlasting Sea !  
 Be thou greeted ten thousand times,  
 With rapturous emotion,  
 As once thou wert greeted  
 By ten thousand Grecian hearts, [home,  
 Combating misfortune, and longing for  
 World-renowned, trustful, Grecian hearts.

The billows were rolling,  
 Were rolling and roaring ;  
 The radiant sun soon cast o'er them  
 A flood of roseate splendor ;  
 The rising, frightened trains of sea gulls  
 Fluttered away, loud screaming ;  
 The steeds they were stamping, the  
 armor was clanging,  
 And far it re-echoed like a victor's cry :  
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

I greet thee, thou everlasting Sea !  
 Like sweet sounds from home is the rush  
 of thy waters ;  
 Like dreams of my childhood, see I the  
 glimmer  
 On thy billowy, watery world ;  
 And memories old seem to be telling anew  
 Of all the charming, beautiful playthings,  
 Of all the glittering gifts of Christmas,  
 Of all the trees of encrimsoned coral,  
 Gold fishes and pearls and colored sea-  
 shells,  
 Which thou dost so mysteriously keep  
 Down there in thy house of clear crystal.

O ! how much have I longed when in  
 distant lands !  
 Like to a withered flower  
 In a botanist's close-covered case of tin,  
 Lay this sad heart in my breast ;  
 Seemingly as if I had sat the winter long  
 A sick man in a darkened chamber,  
 And had now left it instantly.  
 And, blinded, beaming before me  
 Comes emerald Spring, just waked by the  
 sun, [rustling.  
 And the white tree blossoms are gently  
 And the fair flowrets look at me  
 With colored, perfume-laden eyes,  
 Exhaling and humming, and breathing  
 and smiling ;  
 And in the blue heaven the birds are  
 singing—  
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Du tapferes Rückzugherz !  
Wie oft, wie bitteroft  
Bedrängten dich des Nordens Barbarin-  
nen !

Aus grossen, siegenden Augen  
Schos en sie brennende Pfeile ;  
Mit krummgeschliffenen Worten  
Drohten sie mir die Brust zu spalten ;  
Mit Keilschriftbilletts zerschlugen sie mir  
Das Arme, betäubte Gehirn—  
Vergebens hielt ich den Schild entgegen,  
Die Pfeile zischten, die Hiebe krachten;  
Und von des Nordens Barbarinnen  
Ward ich gedrängt bis ans Meer.  
Das liebe, rettende Meer,  
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart !  
How oft, how bitter oft  
Oppressed thee have the barbarous  
northern dames !  
Four large and conquering eyes  
Shot swiftly their arrows of fire;  
With words both artful and polished  
Threatened they my tender breast to  
cleave;  
With cuneiform letters fiercely they smote  
My poor, my bewildered brain  
In vain I held the shield against them;  
The arrows hissed, the strokes swift  
crashing came  
And by the barbarous northern dames  
Was I driven at last to the sea.  
With a free breath I greet thee, thou sea!  
Thou beloved, rescuing Sea.  
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

## Die Spinnerin.—The Spinner.

VOSS.

Ich sass und spann vor meiner Thür,  
Da kam ein junger Mann gegangen,  
Sein braunes Auge lachte mir,  
Und rother glühten seine Wangen.  
Ich sah vom Rocken auf, und sann, [spann  
Und sass verschämt, und spann und

I sat and spun before my door,  
A youth came walking up the road ;  
His deep brown eyes were full of glee,  
His cheeks with crimson blue he glowed.  
From distaff I looked up at him,  
Abashed, I did but spin and spin.

Gar freundlich bot er guten Tag,  
Und trat mit holder Scheu mir näher.  
Mir ward so angst ; der Faden brach ;  
Das Herz im Busen schlug mir höher.  
Betroffen knüpft' ich wieder an,  
Und sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

Quite friendly he his greeting made,  
And closer came, with tim'rous grace.  
I frightened grew ; the thread it broke ;  
My heart it beat with quicker pace.  
Perplexed I 'gain the thread tied on,  
And sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Lie kosend drückt' er mir die Hand.  
Und schwur dass keine Hand ihr gleiche,  
Die schönste nicht im ganzen Land,  
An Schwanenweiss' und Rund' und Weiche  
Wie sehr dies Lob mein Herz gewann ;  
Ich sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

Caressingly he pressed my hand,  
And swore none could with it compare,  
Not e'en the fairest in the land.  
So white and round, so soft and fair.  
This lavish praise my heart soon won ;  
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Auf meinen Stuhl lehnt' er den Arm,  
Und rühmte sehr das feinde Fädchen.  
Sein naher Mund, so roth und warm.  
Wie zärtlich haucht' er ; Süßes Mädchen !  
Wie blickte mich sein Auge an !  
Ich sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

He leaned his arm upon my chair,  
And praised the fineness of the thread.  
His rosy lips, so warm and near,  
How softly "Gentle maid !" they said.  
His eyes they glanced like love's own sun !  
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Indess an meiner Wange her  
Sein schönes Angesicht sich bückte,  
Begegnet' ihm von Ohngefähr  
Mein Haupt, das sanft im Spinnen nickte.  
Da küsste mich der schöne Mann  
Ich sass verschämt, und spann and spann.

As he towards my cheek bent down  
His winsome face, so lovely grown,  
And as my head kept nodding on,  
His cheek so softly touched my own.  
He kissed me then, this charming man,  
Abashed I sat, the wheel still ran.

Mit grossem Ernst verwies ich' ihm ;  
Doch ward er kühner stets und freier,  
Unarmte mich met Ungestüm,  
Und küsste mich so roth wie Feuer.  
O sagt mir, Schwestern. sagt mir an :  
War's möglich, dass ich weiter spann ?

In earnest tones rebuked I him,  
But, bolder grown, he came still nigher ;  
Impetuously he clasped me now,  
And kissed my cheeks as red as fire.  
Oh, tell me sister, if you can,  
Could you have kept on spinning then ?

## Der Knabe mit dem Wunder-Horn.—The Youth and His Wonder-Horn.

GEIBEL.

Ich bin ein lust'ger Geselle,  
Wer könnt' auf Erden fröhlicher sein !  
Mein Rösslein so helle, so helle,  
Das tragt mich mit Windeschnelle  
Ins blühende Leben hinein—

Trara !

Ins blühende Leben hinein.

Es tönt an meinem Munde  
Ein silbernes Horn von süssem Schall,  
Es tönt wohl manche Stunde,  
Von Fels und Wald in der Runde  
Antwortet der Widerhall—

Trara !

Antwortet der Widerhall.

Und komm' ich zu festlichen Tänzen,  
Zu Scherz und Spiel im sonnigen Wald,  
Wo schmachthende Augen mir glänzen  
Und Blumen den Becher bekränzen,  
Da schwing' ich vom Ross mich alsbald—

Trara !

Da schwing' ich vom Röss mich alsbald

Süss lockt die Guitarre zum Reigen,  
Ich küsse die Mädchen, ich trinke den  
Wein ;

Doch will hinter blühenden Zweigen  
Die purpurne Sonne sich neigen,  
Da muss es geschieden sein—

Trara !

Da muss es geschieden sein.

Es zieht mich hinaus in die Ferne ;  
Ich gebe dem flüchtigen Rosse den Sporn.  
Ade ! Wohl blieb' ich noch gerne,  
Doch winken schon andere Sterne,  
Und grüssend ertönt das Horn—

Trara !

Und grüssend ertönt das Horn.

I am a jolly good fellow,  
Who could on earth well happier be !  
My palfrey's as light as a hind,  
It carries me swift as the wind  
Into a blooming life, you see—

Trara !

Into a blooming life, you see.

My lips intone with power  
A silver trumpet of sweetest sound,  
It lingers many an hour ;  
From rock and wood and from bower  
Comes back the echoing sound—

Trara !

Comes back the echoing sound.

And go I to feast and to dancing,  
To sport and play, in sun-illumed wood,  
Where fond, longing eyes look entrancing,  
And garlands 'round beakers are glancing,  
I quickly dismount, as I shold,

Trara !

I quickly dismount, as I should.

Allures the guitar now the dancers, [wine,  
I kiss the sweet maidens, I drink, too, the  
But back of the branches, yet shining,  
The purple-red sun is declining.  
Then must I be gone in time—

Trara !

Then must I be gone in time.

It draws me 'way out in the distance,  
I give to my fleet horse the spur, like a  
thorn,

I'm loth from these joys to be shrinking,  
But, see, other stars are now winking,  
And greetings flow out of my horn—

Trara !

And greetings flow out of my horn.

## Ich, wie ist's möglich dann.—Oh, Can it Ever be ?

### VOLKSLIED.

Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,  
Dass ich dich lassen kann ;  
Hab' dich von Herzen lieb,  
Das glaube mir !  
Du hast das Herz mein  
So ganz genommen ein,  
Dass ich kein andre lieb',  
Als dich allein.

Blau ist ein Blümelein,  
Das heisst Vergiss-nicht-mein;  
Dies Blümlein leg' ans Herz  
Und denk an mich !  
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,  
Sind wir an Liebe reich;  
Dass sie stirbt nie bei mir,  
Das glaube mir.

Wär' ich ein Vögelein,  
Wollt ich bald bei dir sein,  
Scheut' Falk und Habicht nicht,  
Flög' schnell zu dir !  
S'höss mich ein Jäger tot,  
Fiel ich in deinen Schoos !  
Sähst du mich traurig an,  
Gern stürb' ich dann !

Oh, can it ever be  
That I must part from thee ?  
Thou art my heart's true love—  
This doubt not me.  
Thou hast this heart of mine ;  
It is so wholly thine  
That I no other love  
Save only thee.

Blue is a flow' ret, famed,  
Forget me-not 'tis named;  
Lay it upon thy heart,  
And think of me !  
Though flower and hope may flee,  
Yet rich in love are we ;  
Believe 'twill never die,  
But live for aye.

If little bird were I,  
To thee I soon would hie,  
I'd fear no falcon nigh:  
But fly to thee.  
If hit by huntsman's ball  
Into thy lap I'd fall!  
Should sorrow dim thine eye,  
I'd gladly die.

## Die Betende.—The Praying One.

### FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISON.

Laura betet ! Engelharfen hallen  
Frieden Gottes in ihr krankes Herz,  
Und wie Abel's Opferdüfte, wallen  
Ihre Seufzer himmelwärts.

Wie sie kniet, in Andacht hingegossen,  
Schön, wie Raphael die Unschuld malt !  
Vom Verklärungsglanze schon umflossen,  
Der um Himmelswohner strahlt.

O sie fühlt, im leisen, lindem Wehen,  
Froh der Hoherhabnen Gegenwart,  
Sieht im Geiste schon die Palmenhöhen,  
Wo der Lichtkranz ihrer harrt !

So von Andacht, so von Gottvertrauen  
Ihre engelreine Brust geschwellt,  
Betend diese Heilige zu schauen,  
Ist ein Blick in jene Welt.

Laura's praying ! Angels' harps resound-  
ing, [send,  
Peace to her poor, grieving heart doth  
And, like Abel's offering, sweetly rising,  
Do her sighs toward heav'n ascend.

As she kneels, outpouring her devotions,  
Sweet, as Raphael paints pure innocence,  
'Round her flows a light of heavenly  
As from out celestial tents. [splendor.

O she feels, amid the gentle breezes,  
Glad, indeed, for presence so divine !  
Sees, in spirit, th' palmy heights uplifted,  
Where her radiant crown doth shine !

So from trust in Him and from devotion,  
Swelleth now her pure angelic breast ;  
Praying, this holy one a vision seemeth  
From the regions of the blest.

## Wanderschaft.—Wandering.

WILHELM MUELLER.

Das Wandern ist des Müller's Lust,  
Das Wandern !  
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser !  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern !  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,  
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine !  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn,  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern !  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin.  
Lasst mich im Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und Wandern.

Wandering is the miller's joy,  
Wandering !  
He must a poor. base miller be,  
Who ne'er hath felt like wandering free,  
Wandering.

From water have we learned it thus,  
From water !  
This has no rest by day nor night,  
Is wand'ring ever out of sight,  
This water.

This do we at the mill-wheels see,  
The mill-wheels !  
They don't care to be standing still,  
Nor weary they to turn the mill,  
The mill-wheels.

The stones themselves so heavy are,  
The stones are !  
They whirl and dance at lively rate,  
And yet would like a swifter gait,  
The stones would.

O wand'ring, wand'ring is my joy,  
O wand'ring !  
O master and you, mistress, too,  
Let me in peace depart from you,  
And wander.

## Im Leucon.—To Leucon.

GLEIM.

Rosen pflücke, Rosen blühn,  
Morgen ist nicht heut !  
Keine Stunde loss entfliehn,  
Flüchtig ist die Zeit !

Trinke, küsse ! Sieh, es ist,  
Heut Gelegenheit !  
Weisst du, wo du morgen bist ?  
Flüchtig ist die Zeit !

Aufschub einer guten That,  
Hat schon oft gerent !  
Hurtig leben, ist mein Rath,  
Flüchtig ist die Zeit !

Gather roses while they bloom,  
To-morrow's not to-day ;  
Ah ! the hours flee all too soon,  
Time quickly speeds away !

Fill up the glass, imprint a kiss,  
The chance is here to-day ;  
Knowst where thou'lt to-morrow be ?  
Time quickly speeds away !

He who a noble deed defers,  
Will oft regret the day ;  
Thy life enjoy, my counsel is,  
Time quickly speeds away !

## Rheinsage—A Rhine Tradition.

### GEIBEL.

Am Rheim, am grünen Rheine,  
Da ist so mild die Nacht,  
Die Rebenhügel liegen  
In goldner Mondenpracht.

Und an den Hügeln wandelt  
Ein hoher Schatten her  
Mit Schwert und Purpurmantel,  
Die Krone von Golde schwer.

Das ist der Karl, der Kaiser,  
Der mit gewalt'ger Hand  
Von vielen hundert Jahren  
Geherrscht im deutschen Land.

Er ist heraufgestiegen  
Zu Aachen aus der Gruft,  
Und segnet seine Reben  
Und atmet Traubenduft.

Bei Rüdesheim, da funkelt  
Der Mond ins Wasser hinein,  
Und baut eine goldene Brücke  
Wohl über den grünen Rhein.

Der Kaiser geht hinüber  
Und schreitet langsam fort  
Und segnet längs dem Strome  
Die Reben an jedem Ort.

Dann kehrt er heim nach Aachen  
Und schläft in seiner Gruft  
Bis ihn im neuen Jahre  
Erweckt der Trauben Duft.

Wir aber füllen die Römer  
Und trinken im goldenen Saft  
Uns deutsches Heldenfeuer  
Uns deutsches Heldenkraft.

Along the Rhine's green waters  
Resplendent is the night,  
The vine-clad hills are glowing  
In th' moon's soft, silvery light.

And 'round the hill is wand'ring  
A phantom tall and bold,  
With sword and purple mantle,  
And heavy crown of gold.

And this is Karl, the emp'ror,  
He who, with mighty hand,  
For many hundred years  
Did rule in Fatherland.

Up from his tomb at Aachen  
Did this tall phantom climb,  
Inhaled the grapes' sweet perfume,  
And blessed his growing vine.

At Rüdesheim the moonbeams  
On th' rippling waters glow,  
A bridge of gold they're building  
Across the Rhine's green flow.

The emp'ror passes over,  
And slowly strides apace,  
And blesses 'long the river  
The vines at every place

He turns again towards Aachen,  
Asleep falls in his tomb  
Till he, in th' new year coming,  
Is waked by the grapes' sweet bloom.

But yet we fill the beakers,  
And, in the golden wine,  
We drink to all our heroes,  
Whose might and virtues shine.

## Morgenlied.—Morning Song.

### UHLAND.

Noch ahnt man kaum der Sonne Licht,  
Noch sind die Morgenglocken nicht  
Im finstern Thal erklingen.

Wie still des Waldes weiter Raum!  
Die Vöglein zwitschern nur im Traum,  
Kein Sang hat sich erschwungen.

Ich hab' mich längst in's Feld gemacht,  
Und habe schon dies Lied erdacht,  
Und hab' es laut ge-ungen.

Morn's rosy beams have not yet come,  
The morning bells have not yet rung  
The gloomy vale along.

How still the forest there doth seem,  
The birds but warble in a dream,  
Upsoared hath yet no song.

In fields of green I lingered long,  
Already have composed this song,  
And sang it loud and strong.

## Überlief.—Evening Song.

RURCKERT.

Ich stand auf Berges Halde,  
Als Sonn' hinunter gieng,  
Und sah wie überm Walde  
Des Abends Goldnetz hieng.

Des Himmels Wolken thauten  
Der Erde Frieden zu,  
Bei Abendglockenlauten  
Gieng die Natur zur Ruh.

Ich sprach : O Herz, empfinde  
Der Schöpfung Stille nun,  
Und schick mit jedem Kinde  
Der Flur dich auch, zur ruhn.

Die Blumen alle schliessen  
Die Augen allgemach,  
Und alle Wellen fließen  
Bessänftiget im Bach.

Nun hat der müde Silfe  
Sich unters Blatt gesetzt,  
Und die Libell am Schilfe  
Entschlummert thaubenetzt.

Es ward dem goldnen Käfer  
Zur Wieg' ein Rosenblatt ;  
Die Heerde mit dem Schäfer  
Sucht ihre Lagerstatt.

Die Lerche sucht aus Lüften  
Ihr feuchtes Nest im Klee  
Und in des Waldes Schläufen  
Ihr Lager Hirsch und Reh.

Wer sein ein Hüetichen nennet,  
Rubt nun darin sich aus ;  
Und wen die Fremde trennet,  
Den trägt ein Traum nach Haus.

Mich fasset ein Verlangen,  
Dass ich zur dieser Frist  
Hinauf nicht kann gelangen  
Wo meine Heimat ist.

I stood upon the mountain  
As the sun began to set,  
And saw how o'er the forest  
Hung evening's golden net.

The clouds of heaven bedewed  
The earth with smiling peace ;  
With evening's bells resounding  
Came nature's sweet release.

Said I : "O Heart, behold thou  
Fair nature's tranquil reign ;  
Be thou at rest thyself, as  
The children of the plain !"

The flowers are all closing  
Their eyes of gentle mien,  
And every wave is flowing  
Serenely in the stream.

O, see the sylph, so weary,  
Beneath the leaf doth lie,  
And on the serge, all dew-sprent,  
Asleep's the dragon fly.

To rock the golden beetle  
A leaf waits on the rose ;  
The flocks and their kind shepherd  
Are seeking their repose.

The lark i' the air is looking  
Its humid nest to find,  
And in the forest seek they  
Their bed, the roe and hind.

To such as own their cottage  
Sweet rest doth gently come ;  
While they who roam as wand'ers  
Will dream of home, sweet home.

Regretful is my longing  
That I cannot attain  
My home above in heaven,  
Where all is free from pain.

# Mahomets Gesang.—Mahomet's Song.

GOETHE.

Seht den Felsenquell,  
Freudehell  
Wie ein Sternblick ;  
Ueber Wolken  
Nährten sein Jugend  
Gute Geister  
Zwischen Klippen im Gebüsch.

Jünglingfrisch  
Tanzt er aus der Wolke  
Auf die Marmorfelsen nieder,  
Jauchzet wieder  
Nach dem Himmel.

Durch die Gipfalgänge  
Jagt er bunten Kiesel nach,  
Und mit frühem Führertritt  
Reisst er seine Bruderquellen  
Mit sich fort.

Drunten werden in dem Thal  
Under seinem Fusstritt Blumen,  
Und die Wiese  
Lebt von seinem Hauch.

Doch ihn hält kein Schattenthal,  
Keine Blumen,  
Die ihm seine Knie' umschlingen,  
Ihm mit Liebesangen schmeicheln :  
Nach der Ebne dringt sein Lauf  
Schlangengewandend.

Bäche schmiegen  
Sich gesellig an. Nun tritt er  
In die Ebne silberprangend,  
Und die Ebne prangt mit ihm,  
Und die Flüsse von der Ebne,  
Und die Bäche von den Bergen  
Jauchzen ihm und rufen : Bruder !  
Bruder, nimm die Brüder mit,  
Mit zu deinem alten Vater,  
Zu dem ew'gen Ocean,  
Der mit ausgespannten Armen  
Unser wartet,  
Die sich, ach, vergebens öffnen,  
Seine Sehnen zu fassen ;  
Denn uns frisst in öder Wüste  
Gier'ger Sand ; die Sonne droben  
Saugt an unserm Blut ; ein Hügel  
Hemmet uns zum Teiche ! Bruder,  
Nimm die Brüder von der Ebne,  
Nimm die Brüder von den Bergen  
Mit, zu deinem Vater mit !  
Kommt ihr alle !

See the rocky spring,  
Bright and clear  
As a twinkling star !  
O'er the clouds his  
Tender youth was nourished  
By good spirits,  
'Tween the shrubby cliffs above.

Fresh with youth,  
Out of the clouds he dances  
'Pon the marble rocks below ;  
His exultant song  
He sends back to heaven.

Along the channels on the summit  
Chases he the mottled pebbles ;  
And with a leader's lofty tread  
Convoys he all his brother streamlets  
With him along.

In yonder valley far below,  
Grow flowers in his footsteps,  
And the meadow  
Lives upon his breath.

But him holds no shady vale,  
No blossoms fair,  
Which 'round his knees are clinging,  
And with loving eyes entreating :  
Along the plain the current winds  
Snake-like and slow.

Brooklets, too, wind  
Socially along. Now runs he  
O'er the plain like burnished silver,  
And the plain his brightness sheds,  
And the streamlets from the plain,  
And the brooklets from the mountain,  
Exult and cry to him : Brother !  
Take thy brothers with thee,  
With thee, to thy aged father,  
To the everlasting ocean,  
Who, with outstretched arms is waiting,  
Awaiting us—  
Arms with which, alas ! in vain  
His longing ones he tried to seize ;  
For on the waste the greedy sand  
Devours us ; the sun above us  
Sucks at our blood ; the mountain  
Hems us into pools ! Brother,  
Take thy brothers from the plain,  
Take thy brothers from the mountain,  
Take them to thy sire, O take !  
Come, come ye all !

Und nun schwillt er  
Herrlicher ; ein ganz Geschlechte  
Trägt den Fürsten hoch empor !  
Und im rollenden Triumph  
Gibt er Ländern Namen, Städte  
Werden unter seinem Fuss.

Unauthaltsam rauscht er weiter,  
Lässt der Türme Flammengipfel  
Marmorhäuser, eine Schöpfung  
Seiner Fülle, hinter sich.

Cedernhäuser trägt der Atlas  
Auf den Riesenschultern ; sausend  
Wehen über seinem Haupte  
Tausend Flaggen durch die Lüfte,  
Zeugen seiner Herrlichkeit.

Und so trägt er seine Brüder,  
Seine Schätze, seine Kinder,  
Dem erwartenden Erzeuger  
Freudebrausend an das Herz.

And now swells he  
Proudly ; a whole race of them  
Bear their princely charge on high !  
And in triumph, rolling on,  
Giving names to lands. Towns and cities  
Spring up beneath his foot.

Resistlessly he rushes on,  
Leaving flaming minarets and  
Marble mansions—creatures of  
His fullness—all behind him.

Cedar-houses bears this Atlas  
On his giant shoulders, Rustling,  
Above his head a thousand flags  
Do proudly wave—all attesting  
His majestic presence.

And so bears he all his brothers,  
All his treasures and his children,  
With enraptured emotion  
To his waiting father's heart.

## Zwiegesang.—The Duet.

REINICK.

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein sass  
In der stillen schönen Maiennacht,  
Darunter ein Mägdlein im hohen Gras,  
In der stillen schönen Maiennacht.  
Sang Mägdlein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh,  
Sang Vöglein, hört das Mägdlein zu.

Und weithin klang  
Der Zwiegesang

Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.  
Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig  
Durch die stille schöne Maiennacht ?  
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdlein gleich  
Durch die stille schöne Maiennacht ?  
Von Frühlingssonne das Vöglein,  
Von Liebeswonne das Mägdlein.

Wie der Gesang  
Zum Herzen klang

Vergess' ich nimmer mein Lebenlang !

In an elder-bush sat a bird quite small,  
On a lovely, tranquil night in May,  
And, beneath, a maid in grass so tall,  
On a lovely, tranquil night in May.

The bird had rest when the maiden sang,  
The maid gave ear when the bird's voice

And far along [rang  
The duo song

Through the moonlit vale resounded long.  
And what sang that bird on yonder limb  
Through that lovely tranquil night in May?  
And the maiden's song—what did she sing  
Through that lovely tranquil night in May?  
The wee bird sang of Spring so bright,  
The maiden sang of love's delight.

How that sweet song  
My heart did throng

I will ne'er forget my lifetime long.

## Im Rosenbusch die Liebe Schief.—Love Asleep in a Rose-Bush.

HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

Im Rosenbusch die Liebe schlief,  
Der Frühling kam, der Frühling rief ;  
Die Liebe hörts, die Lieb erwacht,  
Schaut aus der Knosp' hervor und lacht,  
Und denkt, zu zeitig möcht's bald sein,  
Und schläft drum ruhig wieder ein.

Der Frühling aber lässt nich nach,  
Er küsst sie jeden Morgen wach,  
Er kos't mit ihr von früh bis spät,  
Bis sie ihr Herz geöffnet hat,  
Und seine heisse Sehnsucht stillt,  
Und jeden Sonnenblick vergilt.

Love sleeping lies in a rose-bush tall, [call,  
Fair Spring hath come, and Spring doth  
Love hears the song, and Love awakes,  
Peeps out the bud, with laughter shakes,  
And thinks it is too soon to rise,  
And shuts again his peaceful eyes.

Fair Spring, howe'er, would not give way,  
She waked him with a kiss each day.  
Caressed him, too, from morn till night,  
Until his heart was opened quite,  
Until her longings were allayed,  
And every sunbeam was repaid.

## Das Paradies.—Paradise.

RUECKERT.

Das Paradies muss schöner sein  
Als jeder Ort auf Erden, [darein,  
Drum wünscht mein Herz, recht bald  
Recht bald zu werden.  
Im Paradies muss ein Fluss  
Der ew'gen Liebe rinnen  
Und jede Sehnsuchtthräne muss  
Sein eine Perle drinnen.

Im Paradiese muss ein Hauch  
Der Schmerzenstillung wehen,  
Dass jeder Schmerz, und meiner auch,  
Muss aufgelöst vergehen.

Da steht des Friedens kühler Baum  
Gepflanzt auf grünen Räumen,  
Und drunter muss ein stiller Traum  
Von Ruh' und Glück sich träumen.

Ein Cherub an der Pforte steht,  
Die Welt hinweg zu schrecken.  
Dass auch zu mir ihr Hauch nicht geht,  
Mich aus dem Traum zu wecken.  
Da wird das monsche Schiff, mein Herz,  
Geankert ruh'n im Hafen,  
Das rege Wiegenkindlein Schmerz  
Im Busen endlich schlafen

Für jeden Dorn, der hier mich stach,  
Wird sich die Rose finden,  
Und Lust, die nie mir Rosen brach,  
Wird sie um's Haupt mir winden.  
Dort werden alle Freuden blüh'n,  
Die in der Knosp' hier starben,  
Und werden wird ein Frühlings grün  
Aus allen Todesgarben

Dort wird, was je mein Herz gesucht,  
Mir still entgegentreten.

Vom grünen Zweig als goldne Frucht,  
Als helle Blum aus Beeten  
Die Wunsch' und Hoffnungen der Brust,  
Wie Blumen aller Zonen,  
Sie werden dort in stiller Luft  
Um mich zusammen wohnen.

Die Jugend, die mit Flügelschlag  
An mir vorüberrauschte,

Die Liebe, die auf einen Tag  
Mit Nektar mich berauschte.  
Sie werden flucht und flügellos,  
Auf ewig mich umschmerzen,  
Mich halten wie das Kind im Schoss  
Und ihren Liebling herzen.

Und jene Gottheit, deren Licht  
Auf mich von fernher taute,  
Und deren klares Angesicht  
Ich nur in Thränen schaute.  
Die Poesie, als Geist der Welt  
Wird hell sich mir entschleiern,  
Wann hell sich Freimunds Lieb gesellt  
Dem Chor der Sternenleiern.

O Paradise must fairer be  
Than all earth's beauteous places,  
My heart is stirred to be transferred  
To share its heavenly graces.  
In Paradise there runs a stream  
Of love that's ever flowing ;  
And every tear that doth appear  
With pearly light is glowing.

And breezes blow in Paradise  
To cool the heart's fierce fever ;  
That each one's pain, nor mine remain,  
Must pass away forever.

There stands so fair the tree of Peace,  
On greenest spot 'tis planted ;  
Beneath its shade, in slumber laid,  
Lies one by visions haunted.

A cherub at the gateway stands,  
And watchful guard is keeping,  
Lest wordly din should enter in.  
And rouse me from my sleeping.  
And here my heart, that shattered bark,  
Safe anchor will be keeping,  
And restless Care, a nursing fair,  
Will soon itself be sleeping.

For every thorn that me hath pricked,  
A rose I will be finding,  
And Joy, that naught the roses brought,  
Will them round me be winding.  
From dead buds there will brightly bloom  
All pleasures here once cherished ;  
And vernal bloom transformed be soon  
From sheaves that long have perished.

And there just what my heart hath sought,  
So silently discloses,  
As golden fruit from tender shoot,  
As from their bed the roses.  
The hopes and wishes in my breast,  
Like flowers from every quarter  
Will bloom so fair in tranquil air,  
And dwell with me thereafter.

Bright Youth that, in thy winged flight,  
My years had swiftly captured ;  
And Love, that, in a single day,  
With nectar me enraptured,  
Will both be wingless, flightless, too,  
And ever play around me ;  
And as you see, on mother's knee,  
A child, so they will hold me.

That deity, whose distant light  
On me was faintly gleaming,  
Whose lovely face I could but trace  
In tears, as I was dreaming ;  
Fair Poesy, the world's great soul,  
Will so unveil its fires,  
When clear and strong my joyous song  
Will join celestial lyres.

# Elegie.—Elegy.

MATTHISSON.

[*Inden Ruinen Eines Alten Bergschlosses  
Geschrieben.*]

Schweigend, in der Abenddämmerung  
Schleier,  
Ruht die Flur, das Lied der Haine stirbt;  
Nur dass hier im alternden Gemäuer  
Melancholisch noch ein Heimchen zirpt.  
Stille sinkt aus unbewölkten Lüften,  
Langsam zieh'n die Herden von den  
Triften,  
Und der müde Landmann eilt der Ruh  
Seiner väterlichen Hütte zu.

Hier, auf diesen waldumkränzten Höhen,  
Unter Trümmern der Vergangenheit,  
Wo der Vorwelt Schauer mich umwehen,  
Sei dies Lied, O Wehmut, dir geweiht!  
Traurend denk' ich, was, vor grauen  
Jahren,  
Diese morschen Ueberreste waren:  
Ein betürmtes Schloss, voll Majestät,  
Auf des Berges Felsenstirn' erhöht.

Dort, wo um des Pfeilers dunkle Trüm-  
mer  
Traurig flüsternd sich der Epheu schlingt,  
Und der Abendröte trüber Schimmer  
Durch den öden Raum der Fenster blinkt,  
Segneten vielleicht des Vaters Thränen  
Einst den edelsten von Deutschlands  
Söhnen,  
Dessen Herz, der Ehrbegierde voll,  
Heiss dem nahen Kampf entgegenschwoll.

Zeuch in Frieden, sprach der greise  
Krieger,  
Ihn umgürtend mit dem Heldenschwert,  
Kehre nimmer, oder kehr' als Sieger,  
Sei des Namens deiner Väter wert!  
Und des edlen Jünglings Auge sprühte  
Todesflammen; seine Wange glühte,  
Gleich dem aufgeblühten Rosenhain,  
In der Morgenröte Purpurschein

Eine Donnerwolke, flog der Ritter  
Dann, wie Richard Löwenherz, zur  
Schlacht;  
Gleich dem Tannenwald im Ungewitter  
Beugte sich vor ihm des Feindes Macht!  
Mild, wie Bäche, die durch Blumen  
wallen,  
Kehrt er zu des Felsenschlosses Hallen,  
Zu des Vaters Freudenthränenblick,

[*Written in the Ruins of an old Castle.*]

Silent, in the dusky light of evening,  
Rests the plain; the woodland song is  
gone, [olden.  
Save that, 'mid these ruins, gray and  
Chirps a cricket its melancholy tone.  
Silence sinks from out a sky serene,  
Slowly wind the herds from pastures  
green, [free,  
The weary plowman, from his toil now  
Quick to his father's humble cot will flee.

Here upon this wood-encircled height,  
Amid the ruins of departed years,  
Where pictures dread of by-gone times  
surround me, [tears!  
Sing I to thee, oh Sadness, through my  
What, oft sadly think I, in those days  
grown hoary, [glory:  
Were these wrecks of lofty pride and  
A towering castle of majestic mien,  
Once on this mountain's brow of stone  
was seen.

[the ivy  
There, whispering sadly, where clings  
To the ruined pillar, stately now no more,  
And the dusky shimmer of the evening  
glimmer [floor,  
Blinks at casement there across the empty  
A father sadly weeping, and, perhaps,  
caressing, [blessing  
Him, the noblest son of Germany, was  
Whose swelling heart, aglow wi' am-  
bition's heat,  
The coming struggle desired to meet.

[rior,  
Depart in peace! said the grizzled war-  
As he begirt him with the sword of fame;  
Return no more, or return as victor,  
Be thou worthy of thy father's name!  
And the noble youth's bright eyes were  
throwing [glowing  
Flashes of deadly fire; his cheeks were  
With hue like that which steals o'er full-  
bloom roses [closes.  
When morn the purple rays of light dis-  
[der,  
Then flew the knight like cloud of thun-  
der.

As Richard Lion-Heart once did, to fight;  
Like fir trees 'neath the wrathful tempest  
bending,  
Bowed before him the hostile might.  
Gently, as brooklets through flowers are  
wending, [tending,  
To his cliff built halls his steps were  
To his father's joyful, tear-stained face,

In des keuschen Mädchens Arm zurück.

Ach! mit banger Sehnsucht blickt die  
Holde  
Oft vom Söller nach des Thales Pfad;  
Schild und Panzer glühn im Abendgolde,  
Rosse fliegen, der Geliebte naht!  
Ihm die treue Rechte sprachlos reichend  
Steht sie da, erröthend und erbleichend:  
Aber was ihr sanftes Auge spricht,  
Sängen selbst Petrarch und Sappho nicht.

Fröhlich hallte der Pokale Läten  
Dort, wo wildverschlunge Ranken sich  
Ueber Uhnester schwarz verbreiten,  
Bis der Sterne Silberglanz erblich;  
Die Geschichten schwererkämpfter Siege,  
Grauser Abenteu'r im heiligen Kriege,  
Weckten in der rauhen Helden Brust  
Die Erinnerung schauerlicher Lust.

O der Wandlung! Grau'n und Nacht  
umdüsten  
Nun den Schauplatz jener Herrlichkeit!  
Schwermutvolle Abendwinde flüsten,  
Wo die Starken sich des Mahls gefreut!  
Disteln wanken einsam auf der Stätte,  
Wo um Schild und Speer der Knabe  
flehte,  
Wann der Kriegsdrummete Ruf erklang,  
Und aufs Kampffross sich der Vater  
schwang.

Asche sind der Mächtigen Gebeine  
Tief im dunkeln Erdschosse nun!  
Kaum dass halbversunkne Leichensteine  
Noch die Stätte zeigen, wo sie ruh'n.  
Viele würden längst ein Spiel der Lüfte,  
Ihr Gedächtnis sank, wie ihre Gräfte;  
Vor dem Thatenglanz der Heldenzeit  
Schwebt die Wolke der Vergessenheit.

So vergehn des Lebens Herrlichkeiten,  
So entfleucht das Trumbild eitler Macht!  
So versinkt, im schnallen Lauf der Zeiten,  
Was die Erde trägt, in öde Nacht!  
Lorbeern, die des Siegers Stirn um-  
kränzen,  
Thaten, die in Erz und Marmor glänzen  
Urnen, der Erinnerung geweiht,  
Und Gesänge der Unsterblichkeit!

Alles, was mit Sehnsucht und Entzücken  
Hier am Staub ein edles Herz erfüllt,

And to the waiting maiden's chaste em-  
brace.

Oft, with anxious longing, from her turret  
Far down into the vale her eyes are peer-  
ing;  
Shield and mail in evening's gold are  
Steeds are flying; the lov'd one's near-  
ing,  
Speechless, she her faithful hand ex-  
With blush and pallor interblended,  
But what her soft blue eye expresses—  
well,  
Nor Sappho's song, nor Petrarch's muse,

Joyously rang the goblets of crystal,  
There where the tangled and rank-grow-  
ing vine,  
Black o'er the nests of the owlets is  
Till the glistening stars do but faintly  
shine.  
The tales of victories, heard from afar,  
Of wildest adventures in the Holy War,  
Aroused in the breasts of the rugged  
knights  
The remembrance of their fierce delights.

How changed the scene! Dismay and  
Night o'ercast  
The place where all that glory once had  
Winds of evening, sadly swelling, whisper  
Where strong hearts revelled 'mid rap-  
turous din,  
Lonely thistles now are nodding o'er the  
Where the boy was pleading for spear  
and shield,  
When the call to arms from trumpet rang,  
And on his charger the father sprang.

Turned to ashes the bones of the mighty  
Down in the dark lap of earth they lie  
deep,  
Scarcely the half-sunken stones o'er  
Point out the spot where the heroes now  
sleep,  
The winds have long toyed with the dust  
Their memories sank, too, just like their  
graves,  
O'er the war-like deeds by those heroes  
Pass the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart this life's vain pomp and  
'Thus flit by the dreams of passing might!  
Thus, too, sinks in Time's swift-flowing  
current  
All that earth upbears, to empty night!  
Laurels, that the victor's brow entwine,  
Deeds that in brass and marble shine,  
Urns, dedicate to Memory,  
And the songs of Immortality.

All, all, that here, with longing and with  
On the earth a noble heart doth warm,

Schwindet, gleich des Herbstes Sonnen-  
blicken,  
Wenn ein Sturm den Horizont umhüllt.  
Die am Abend freudig sich umfassen,  
Sieht der Morgenröte schon erblassen :  
Selbst der Freundschaft und der Liebe  
Glück  
Lässt auf Erden keine Spur zurück.

Liebe! deines Tempels Rosenauen  
Grenzen an bedornete Wüstenei'n,  
Und ein plötzliches Gewittergrauen  
Düstert oft der Freundschaft Aetherschein.  
Hoheit, Ehre, Macht und Ruhm sind  
eitel!  
Eines Weltgebieters stolzen Scheitel,  
Und ein zitternd Haupt am Pilgerstab,  
Deckt mit einer Dunkelheit das Grab.

Vanishes like the autumnal sunshine  
When the horizon's verge is veiled in  
storm.  
Those at evening who fondly do embrace,  
Are in the morning found with pallid face ;  
Even Friendship's ties, and Love's de-  
light,  
Leave on the earth no trace in sight.

O Love ! thy gardens of fragrant roses  
By thorny wastes are hemmed in every-  
where ! [tempest  
When quickly spread the wings of the  
Darken often Friendship's sky, so fair !  
Vain are greatness, honor, might and  
glory ! [hoary,  
On the monarch's head, so proud and  
And on the weary pilgrim's trembling  
head, [o'erspread.  
One common darkness doth the grave

## Adelaide.—Adelaide.

MATTHISSON.

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Früh-  
lingsgarten,  
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht um-  
flossen,  
Das durch wankende Blütenzweige  
zittert,  
Adelaide !

In der spiegelnden Fluth, im Schnee der  
Alpen,  
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,  
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bild-  
niss,  
Adelaide !

Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube  
flüstern, [säuseln,  
Silberglöckchen des Mai's im Grase  
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten :  
Adelaide !

Einst, O Wunder ! entblüht auf meinem  
Grabe,  
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens ;  
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpur-  
blättchen,  
Adelaide !

Through Spring's fair garden thy friend  
wanders lonely,  
Surrounded with light both magic and  
mellow,  
That quivering comes through blossom-  
ing branches,  
Adelaide !

In the mirrored flood, in the Alpine  
snow-storm,  
In the closing day's fast-fading clouds all  
golden,  
In the star-lit noon of night beams thy  
image,  
Adelaide !

Evening zephyrs in tender foliage whisper,  
In silv'ry tones sweet floral bells are tink-  
ling,  
Billows murmur and nightingales e'er  
warble :  
Adelaide !

Once, O wonder ! upon my grave will  
blossom  
A tender flower from my heart's pale  
ashes ;  
On each purple leaf there will brightly  
glimmer  
Adelaide !

## Der Graf von Greiers.—The Count of Greiers.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

Der junge Graf von Greiers, er steht vor  
seinem Haus,  
Er sieht am schönen Morgen weit ins  
Gebirg hinaus,  
Er sieht die Felsenhörner verklärt im  
goldnen Strahl  
Und dämmernd mitten inne das grünste  
Alpenthal :

“O Alpe, grüne Alpe, wie zieht's nach dir  
mich hin !  
Beglückt, die dich befahren, Berghirt  
und Sennerin !  
Oft sah ich sonst hinüber, empfand nich  
Leid noch Lust;  
Doch heute dringt ein Sehnen mir in die  
tiefste Brust.”

Und nah und näher klingen Schalmeyen  
an sein Ohr,  
Die Hirtinnen und Hirten sie ziehn zur  
Burg empor,  
Und auf des Schlosses Rasen hebt an der  
Ringeltanz,  
Die weissen Aermel schimmern, bunt  
flattern Band und Kranz.

Der Sennerinnen jüngste, schlank wie ein  
Maienreis,  
Erfasst die Hand des Grafen, da muss er  
in den Kreis.  
Es schlinget ihn der Reigen in seinen  
Wirbel ein :  
“Hei, junger Graf von Greiers, gefangen  
musst du sein.”

Sie rafften ihn von hinnen mit Sprung  
und Reigenlied,  
Sie tanzen durch die Dörfer, wo Glied  
sich reiht an Glied  
Sie tanzen über Matten sie tanzen durch  
den Wald.  
Bis fernhin auf die Alpen der helle Klang  
verhallt.

Schon steigt der zweite Morgen, der  
dritte schon wird klar.  
Wo bleibt der Graf von Greiers ? Ist er  
verschollen gar ?  
Und wieder sinkt zum Abend der  
schwülen Sonne Lauf ;  
Da donnert's im Gebirge, da ziehn die  
Wetter auf.

The youthful Count of Greiers before his  
castle stands,  
At morn his vision sweeps o'er the  
mountain's sun-kissed lands,  
He sees the horn-ed crags in the sun-  
light's golden sheen,  
And, dimly, too, the greatest vale in the  
shade between.

“Oh, Alp, thou green-clad Alp ! how  
much I'm drawn to thee !  
How happy, when they reach thee, must  
maids and herdsman be !  
Oftimes I've gazed upon thee, nor cared  
for all thou art.  
But now a longing seizes me in my in-  
most heart.

And near and nearer still sound the tim-  
bals on his ear ;  
The herdsman and the maidens to the  
castle now draw near ;  
And on the turf of green 'round begins  
the whirling dance,  
The white sleeves flit and glimmer, the  
wreaths and ribbons glance.

The youngest of the maidens, slim as a  
sprig of spring,  
The Count's hand seizes quickly, he  
must go in the ring ;  
Soon swallowed in the whirl of the cir-  
cling dance is he :  
“Ho, youthful Count of Greiers, now  
captured must you be !”

They forced him from that place, and, with  
dance and roundelay,  
They dancing go through hamlets where  
others lead the way.  
They dance across the meadow, they  
dance through wood and dell.  
Till in the heart of th' distant Alps the  
lingering echoes dwell

The second morn has come, and the third  
will soon be here ;  
Where stays the Count of Greiers ? did  
he, then, disappear ?  
Again the evening closes in thick and  
sultry air ;  
It thunders in the mountains, the storm  
is gathering there

Geborsten ist die Wolke, der Bach zum  
Strom geschwellt,  
Und als mit jähem Strahle der Blitz die  
Nacht erhellt,  
Da zeigt sich in den Strudeln ein Mann,  
der wogt und ringt,  
Bis er den Ast ergriffen und sich ans Ufer  
schwingt:

—  
"Da bin ich, weggerissen aus eurer Berge  
Schoos ;  
Im Tanzen und im Schwingen ergriff  
mich Sturmgetos ;  
Ihr alle sind geborgen in Hütt' und Fel-  
senspalt,  
Nur mich hat fortgeschwemmet des  
Wolkenbruchs Gewalt.

—  
Leb' wohl, du grüne Alpe, mit deiner  
frohen Schaar !  
Lebt wohl drei sel'ge Tage, da ich ein  
Hirte war !  
O, nicht bin ich geboren zu solchem Par-  
adies,  
Aus dem mit Blitzesflamme des Himmels  
Zorn mich wies.

—  
Du frische Alpenrose, rühr' nimmer  
meine Hand !  
Ich fühls, die kalte Woge, sie löscht nicht  
diesen Brand.  
Du zauberischer Reigen, lock' nimmer  
mich hinaus !  
Nimm mich in deine Mauern, du ödes  
Grafenhaus !"

The cloud has burst its fetters, the brook  
becomes a stream,  
Illumined is the night with the lightning's  
fitful gleam.  
A man is seen to struggle 'mid the  
whirlpool's sullen roar,  
Till a branch he quickly seizes and  
swings upon the shore.

—  
"Here am I, torn away from your moun-  
tain's sweet retreat,  
While dancing I was whirled by the  
storm's tempestuous beat ;  
In mountain huts and caverns ye all did  
shelter find ;  
While I alone was swept along by the  
torrent and the wind.

—  
Farewell, thou green-clad Alp, with thy  
joyous company !  
Farewell the blessed days when I watched  
the flocks on thee !  
I was not born t' enjoy that beatific place  
From whence the lightnings drove me  
'neath heaven's angry face.

—  
Thou Alpine rose, so lovely, touch thou  
my hand no more !  
Unquenched 's the fire within me though  
torrents o'er me pour.  
Ye whirling dance bewitching, ne'er lure  
me 'gain to thee !  
My cheerless walls, receive me, within  
thee must I flee !"

## French Prize poem.

Sung at the Opening of the Paris Exposition in 1889.—First English  
Translation by Mr. Zimmerman.

### QUATRE VINGT-NEUF.

Chant seculaire.

#### CHŒUR DES PEUPLES.

Dans la foret du vieux monde,  
Marchant, peinant sans repos,  
Priant sans qu'on nous reponde,  
Nous allons, mornes troupeaux.  
Du meme pas implacable  
L'heure vient, l'heure s'enfuit,  
Le meme poids nous accable  
C'est toujours la sombre nuit.  
Interroge encor l'espace,  
Guetteur, du haut de la tour.  
Que te dit le vent qui passe ?  
Quand done paraitra le jour ?

### 'EIGHTY-NINE.

Song of the Centuries.

#### CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

In the old world's forests, dim with gloom,  
Forever toiling without rest,  
Like driven beasts, we pass our lives,  
Forever praying, though never blest.  
The hours come, the hours go,  
In the same unending flight ;  
The selfsame burdens bend us low ;  
With us 'tis always blackest night.  
O, watcher on the tower's top,  
What see'st thou from thy lofty height ?  
Say, does the passing wind say aught ?  
O, when will come the morning light ?

LE GUETTEUR.

Les ailes de la nuit couvrent le monde immense,  
Seuls, de leur vol epais evillant le silence,  
Les noirs esprits planent sur moi !

LA HAINE.

Peuples, tremblez ! J'ai, pour apotres,  
La mort et l'effroi.  
Sans meme savoir pourquoi,  
Ruez-vous les uns sur les autres.

L'IGNORANCE.

Peuples, reconnaissez ma loi ;  
J'ai souffle sur vos yeux et scelle votre bouche

LA TYRANNIE.

Mords ton frein, esclave farouche.  
Sous mes pieds orgueilleux je te sens desarme.

LE DESEPOIR.

Au tombeau, pour toujours, Lazare est enferme.

CHCEUR DES PEUPLES.

J'interroge l'etendue :  
Partout la nuit sans amour !  
O sentinelle perdue,  
Vois-tu poindre enfin le jour ?

LE GUETTEUR.

Freres, debout ; levez la tete,  
Voyez, voyez, le Ciel blanchit ;  
Le coq a chante, l'air fraichit.  
Entendez-vous ces cris de fete ?  
C'est le jour, c'est le jour. Nous sommes deli res.  
Chaines, tombez ; croulez, prisons.  
L'aube est venue.  
Mes yeux mouilles de pleurs l'ont reconnue.  
Hauts les cœurs ; haut le front, peuples regeneres.

THE WATCHER.

The sombre wings of night the earth still  
in gloom do hide.  
Dark spirits above me hover and threat-  
'ningly 'round me glide ;  
And break the silence with their cry.

HATE.

Tremble, people ! Rage, Terror, Death,  
Apostles mine, in wait do lie ;  
Without even knowing why  
Ye slay each other at ev'ry breath.

IGNORANCE.

Acknowledge my power and hear  
my cry ;  
Your lips are close sealed, upon your  
eyes did I breathe.

TYRANNY.

Disarmed art thou my heel beneath,  
Then gnaw thy bit, thou poor, thou sav-  
age slave !

DESPAIR.

Forever is Lazarus entombed in the  
grave.

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

The distance now we scan,  
Of light appears not e'en a ray.  
O useless sentinel !  
See'st thou not the dawn of day ?

THE WATCHER.

Lift up your heads, O brothers dear !  
The heavens presage the coming  
glow ;  
The air is cool, the cock doth crow ;  
Dost not those cries of joy now hear ?  
'Tis the dawn ! fetters break ! Delivered  
are we ! [breaks at last !  
See, the prisons are toppling ! Day  
Thro' tear-bedewed eyes I see 't com-  
ing fast ! [ye people free !  
Lift up your hearts ! Raise your heads !  
The dawn of Liberty is here at last !

## Die Kapelle.—The Chapel.

UHLAND

Droben stehet die Kapelle,  
Schauet still in's Thal hinab,  
Drunten singt bei Wies' und Quelle  
Froh und hell der Hirtenknab'

Traurig tönt das Glöcklein nieder,  
Schauerlich der Leichenchor ;  
Stille sind die frohen Lieder  
Und der Knabe lauscht empör.

Droben bringt man sie zu Grabe,  
Die sich freuten in dem Thal.  
Hirtenknabe ! Hirtenknabe !  
Dir auch singt man dort einmal.

On yonder height the chapel stands,  
O'erlooks the vale in tranquil joy ;  
While there, by rills and meadow lands,  
Sings glad and clear the shepherd boy.

So sadly tolls the little bell,  
And, shudd'ring, sings the chapel choir ;  
How silent is the shepherd's song  
As, list'ning, now, the tones come nigher.

They lay to rest on yonder hill  
Those who below once lived in joy ;  
Some day o'er thee, when you're at rest,  
They'll sing sad strains, O shepherd boy !

# Der Postillon.—The Postillion.

LENAU.

Lieulich war die Maiennacht,  
Silberwölklein flogen.  
Ob der holden Frühlingspracht  
Freudig hingezogen.

Schlummernd lagen Wies' und Hain,  
Jeder Pfad verlassen;  
Niemand als der Mondenschein  
Wachte auf der Strassen.

Leise nur das Lüftchen sprach,  
Und es zog gelinder  
Durch das stille Schlafgemach  
All der Frühlingskinder.

Heimlich nur das Bächlein schlich,  
Denn der Blüten Träume  
Dufteten gar wonniglich  
Durch die stillen Räume.

Rauher war mein Postillon,  
Liess die Geissel knallen,  
Ueber Berg und Thal davon  
Frisch sein Horn erschallen.

Und von flinken Rossen vier  
Scholl der Hufe Schlagen,  
Die durchs blühende Revier  
Trabten mit Behagen

Wald und Flur im schnellen Zug  
Kaum gegrüsst—gemieden;  
Und vorbei, wie Traumesflug  
Schwand der Dörfer Frieden.

Mitten in dem Maienglück  
Lag ein Kirchhof innen,  
Der den raschen Wanderblick  
Hielt zu ernstem Sinnen.

Hingelehnt an Bergesrand  
War die bleiche Mauer,  
Und das Kreuzbild Gottes stand  
Hoch, in stummer Trauer.

Schwager ritt an seiner Bahn  
Stiller jetzt und trüber;  
Und die Rosse hielt er an,  
Sah zum Keruz hinüber:

„Halten muss hier Ross und Rad!  
Mag's Euch nicht gefährden;  
Drüben liegt mein Kamerad  
In der kühlen Erden!

Lovely was the night of May,  
Silvery clouds flew brightly,  
O'er the joyous Spring passed they  
Here and there so lightly.

Slumbering lay both mead and wood,  
Every path forsaken;  
On the street the moon alone  
Watchful guard had taken.

Softly spoke the gentle breeze  
In almost breathless numbers,  
As Spring her fairy children led  
Through the realm of slumbers.

Softly, too, the brooklet crept.  
While many a blooming vision  
Swept along the silent rooms  
In perfume nigh elysian.

My postillion rougher was,  
He cracked his whip and, bounding,  
Sped away o'er hill and dale,  
Clear his horn resounding.

From the hoofs of shining steeds  
Echoes loud were sounding;  
As thro' blooming field and wood  
Th' steeds were onward bounding.

Wood and mead in rapid flight  
Passed with scarce a greeting;  
By us fled the peaceful towns  
Like a dream still fleeting.

Right within this charming scene  
Lay a churchyard nested,  
Whereon the traveler's wand'ring sight  
Musingly had rested.

On the mountain side there stood  
The faded wall reclining,  
And, above, the crucifix  
In silent grief was shining.

The driver rode along his path  
Stiller, then, to ponder,  
And the horses stopped he there,  
The shining cross saw yonder:

“Tarry here must horse and wheel!  
No fear o'er thee be creeping;  
Yonder lies my comrade dear,  
In the cold earth sleeping.

„Ein gar herzlieber Gesell!  
Herr, 's ist ewig Schade!  
Keiner blies das Horn so hell,  
Wie mein Kamerade!

„Hier ich immer halten muss,  
Dem dort unterm Rasen  
Zum getreuen Brudergruss  
Sein Leiblied zu blasen!“

Und dem Kirchhof sandt' er zu  
Frohe Wandersänge,  
Dass es in die Gräberhuh  
Seinem Bruder dränge

Und des Hornes heller Ton  
Klang vom Berge wieder,  
Ob der todte Postillon  
Stimmt in seine Lieder.

Weiter ging's durch Feld und Hag  
Mit verhängtem Zügel;  
Lang mir noch im Ohre lag  
Jener Klang vom Hügel.

„Charming fellow was this lad!  
Lasting pity, 'tis, sir!  
Clearer notes from horn ne'er came  
Than those which came from his, sir!

„And I always linger here,  
And send forth a greeting  
To the dear one buried there,  
His fav'rite air repeating.”

Toward the churchyard he sent out  
Such entrancing numbers, [grave,  
That well nigh pierced the dead man's  
And woke him from his slumbers.

Again the bugler's clearer tone  
From the hills came flying,  
Ere the dead postillion was  
In his songs replying.

Farther on through field and wood  
The good steeds quickly bounded;  
Long that echo from the hill  
In my ears resounded.

## Die Verlorene Kirche.—The Lost Minster.

### UHLAND.

Man höret oft im fernen Wald  
Von obenher ein dumpfes Läuten,  
Doch Niemand weiss, von wann es hallt,  
Und kaum die Sage kann es deuten.  
Von der verlorenen Kirche soll  
Der Klang ertönen mit den Winden;  
Einst war der Pfad von Wallern voll,  
Nun weis ihn keiner mehr zu finden.

Jüngst gieng ich in dem Walde weit,  
Wo kein betretner Steig sich dehnet;  
Aus der Verderbniss dieser Zeit  
Hatt' ich zu Gott mich hingesehnet.  
Wo in der Wildniss Alles schwieg,  
Vernahm ich das Gelaute wieder;  
Je höher meine Sehnsucht stieg,  
Je näher, voller klang es nieder.

Mein Geist war so in sich gekehrt,  
Mein Sinn vom Klange hingenommen,  
Dass mir es immer unerklärt,  
Wie ich so hoch hinauf gekommen.  
Mir schien es mehr, denn hundert Jahr',  
Dass ich so hingeträumet hätte:  
Als über N'ebeln, sonnenklar,  
Sich öffnet, eine freie Stätte.

Der Himmel war so dunkelblau,  
Die Sonne war so voll und glühend,

O'er the distant woods is often heard  
A muffled tone as from a bell,  
And no one knows from whence it came—  
Tradition even scarce can tell.  
Of the Minster Lost the sound, 'tis said,  
Is wafted hither by the breeze;  
Erstwhile the path with wand'ers roamed,  
Now found are none beneath those trees.

[roamed,  
Of late far through these woods I've  
Where now no beaten path is trod;  
Oft longed had I this world to flee,  
And refuge find in thee, oh, God!  
When all the woods in silence slept,  
Again that tone fell on my ear;  
As higher my yearning prayer went up,  
The sound seemed nearer and more  
clear.

My spirit was so much absorbed,  
The sound so much enraptured me,  
That if I would, I could not tell,  
How came I in such ecstasy.  
It seemed a hundred years or more  
That I had been thus fondly dreaming,  
When o'er the mists, so bright and clear,  
A glade appeared, with sunlight gleam-  
ing

The heavens were so darkly blue,  
The sun so full and brightly beaming,

Und eines Münsters stolzer Bau  
Stand in dem goldenen Lichte blühend  
Mir dünkten helle Wolken ihn  
Gleich Fittigen emporzuheben,  
Und seines Thurmes Spitze schien  
Im sel'gen Himmel zu verschweben.

Der Glocke wonnevoller Klang  
Ertönte schütternd in dem Thürme;  
Doch zog nicht Menschenhand den  
Strang,  
Sie ward bewegt vom heil'gen Sturme.  
Mir war's, derselbe Sturm und Strom  
Hätt an mein klopfend Herz geschlagen;  
So trat ich in den hohen Dom [Zagen.  
Mit schwankem Schritt und freud'gem

Wie mir in jenem Hallen war,  
Das kann ich nicht mit Worten schi'dern.  
Die Fenster glühten dunkelklar  
Mit aller Märtrer frommen Bildern;  
Dann sah ich, wundersam erhellt,  
Das Bild zum Leben sich erweitern,  
Ich sah hinaus in eine Welt  
Van heil'gen Frauen, Gottesstreitern.

Ich kniete nieder am Altar, [strahlet.  
Von Lieb' und Andacht ganz durch-  
Hoch oben an der Decke war  
Des Himmels Glorie gemalet;  
Doch als ich wieder sah empor,  
Da war gesprengt der Kuppel Bogen,  
Geöffnet war des Himmels Thor  
Und jede Hülle weggezogen.

Was ich für Herrlichkeit geschaut  
Mit still anbetendem Erstaunen,  
Was ich gehört für sel'gen Laut,  
Als Orgel mehr und als Posaunen:  
Das steht nicht in der Worte Macht;  
Doch wer darnach sich treulich sehnet,  
Der nehme des Gelautes Acht,  
Das in dem Walde dumpf ertönet!

While full in view a minster proud  
In golden light stood brightly gleaming.  
Methought the silvery clouds, like wings,  
Upheld on high the fabric fair,  
And that the top of its tall spire  
Now seemed to vanish in the air.

The bell rang out its wondrous tones,  
And sent them trembling through the  
tower;  
Yet 'twas not rung by human hands,  
But by a holy tempest's power  
I felt that this same stream and storm  
My beating heart had struck with dread;  
So stept I in the lofty dome  
With gladsome fear and wav'ring tread.

How felt I wand'ring thro' those halls,  
Can not in words of mine be told;  
The casements gleamed so darkly clear  
With sainted forms of martyrs old.  
Then saw I, filled with light and life,  
The picture as it wider grew;  
I looked again, and lo! beheld  
Holy knights and ladies, too.

I knelt before the altar there,  
Imbued with holy love and awe,  
And, painted on the ceiling high,  
The glory of the heavens I saw.  
But when again I looked above,  
The vaulted dome had opened wide.  
And opened, too was heaven's gate,  
And every veil was torn aside.

What splendors then I gazed upon,  
With worship and amazement blending,  
What blessed sounds fell on my ear,  
Both trump and organ notes transcending,  
Is not in power of words to tell;  
Howe'er, who truly longs to know,  
Let him go hear the sounding bell  
That in these woods is tolling so.

## Conrad Weiser's Hymn.—Conrad Weiser's Hymn.

*Composed for the Dedication of the First Trinity Lutheran Church, 1752.*

Jehovah, Herr und Majestät!  
Hör unser kindlich Flehen:  
Neig deine Ohren zum Gebet  
Der Schaaren, die da stehen  
Vor deinem heiligen Angesicht:  
Verschmähe unsere Bitte nicht,  
Um deines Namens willen.

Dies Haus wird heute eingeweiht  
Von deinem Bundes-Volke:  
Lass uns, Herr, deine Herrlichkeit  
Hernieder in der Wolke,  
Dass sie erfülle dieses Haus  
Und treibe alles Böse aus,  
Um deines Namens willen.

"Jehovah, Lord and Mighty One!  
Hear, Thou, our childlike calls;  
To all who stand before Thy face  
Within these sacred walls,  
Incline, dear Lord, Thy gracious ear,  
Nor cast aside our fervent prayer,  
For sake of Thy dear name.

The people of Thy covenant  
Now consecrate this place;  
Reveal, O Lord, from out the cloud  
The splendors of Thy face,  
That it may flood this house with light,  
And banish evil from our sight,  
For sake of Thy dear name.

# Sing, Maiden, Sing!

Translations into Pennsylvania-German by Mr. Zimmerman.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing, maiden, sing!  
Mouths were made to sing;  
Listen—songs thou'lt hear  
Through the wide world ringing;  
Songs from all the birds,  
Songs from winds and showers,  
Songs from seas and streams,  
Even from sweet flowers.

Hearst thou the rain,  
How it gently falleth?  
Hearst thou the bird,  
Who from the forest calleth?  
Hearst thou the bee  
O'er the sunflower ringing?  
Tell us, maiden, *now*—  
Shouldst thou not be singing?

Hearst thou the breeze  
'Round the rose-bud sighing?  
And the small sweet rose  
Love to love replying?  
So shouldst *thou* reply  
To the prayer we're bringing;  
So that the bud, thy mouth,  
Should burst forth in singing!

THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.

Sing, Mädel, sing!  
Mäuler wär g'macht für singe;  
Horch—G'song hörscht du  
Dorch die weit Welt ringe;  
G'song von all die Vögel,  
G'song von Schauers und Wind,  
G'song von See und Schtrom—  
Ach, die süsse Blume singt.

Hörscht du den Rege,  
Wie er saftlich fällt?  
Hörscht du den Vogel,  
Der vom Busch 'raus ruuft?  
Hörscht die Imme, du,  
Ueuer die Sunnblum' ringe?  
Saagt ens, Mädel, *now*—  
Setscht du net 'mohl singe?

Hörscht du net des schtilles Wind  
Seufze um die Rose dort?  
Und die gleene süsse Rose,  
Die wu Lieb' zu Lieb' antwort?  
So setscht *du* als Antwort mache  
Den G'bed', wu mir dir bringe;  
Dass der Rose-Knopf, dei Maul,  
Uf'schpringe dheet mit Singe!

## A Visit from St. Nicholas.—Die Nacht for de Chrischdaag.

MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas when  
all through the house [mouse;  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care, [there;  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
The children were nestled all snug in  
their beds, [their heads;  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in  
And mamma in 'kerchief and I in my  
cap, [winter's nap—  
Had just settled our brains for a long  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter, [the matter.  
I sprang from my bed to see what was  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
sash. [snow,  
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wonder eyes  
should appear. [reindeer.  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny

ZIMMERMAN.

'S waar die Nacht for de Chrischdaag  
und dorch es gans Haus [Maus;  
Verreegt sich ke' Thierli, net emol en  
Die Schtrümpf waare schnock im Schorn-  
schte gehunke,  
In der Hoffnung der "Nick" dheet graad  
runner dschumpe; [Bett,  
Die Kinner so schnock waare all schö im  
Von Zuckerschleck draame un was mer,  
doch, wött; [der Kapp,  
Die Mamme im Schnupdunch un ich in  
Hen uns juscht hi geleeht for'n lang Win-  
ter's Nap— [nerse Jacht,  
Dan draus in 'm Hoof waar so 'n dun-  
Dass ich ufg'schprunge bin zu sehne  
wär's macht.  
An's Fenschter graad schpring ich so  
schnell wie'n Flasch, [Sasch!  
Die Lade ufg'risse, ufg'schmisse die  
Der Moond uf der Bruscht dem neu-  
g'fallne Schnee  
Macht 'elling wie Mitdaag, üwver alles,  
so schö.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
 [them by name,—  
 And he whistled and shouted and called  
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now  
 Prancer and Vixen! [Blitzen!  
 On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
 [all!"  
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly  
 [to the sky,  
 When they met with an obstacle, mount  
 So up to the housetop the coursers they flew.  
 [Nicholas, too.  
 With the sleigh full of toys—and St.  
 And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
 [hoof.  
 The prancing and pawing of each little  
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
 [a bound.  
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with  
 He was dressed all in fur from his head  
 to his foot, [ashes and soot;  
 And his clothes were all tarnished with  
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
 [ing his pack.  
 And he looked like a peddler just open-  
 His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples  
 how merry! [a cherry;  
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like  
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like  
 a bow, [as the snow.  
 And the beard on his chin was as white  
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
 teeth, [a wreath.  
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like  
 He had a broad face and a little round  
 belly [full of jelly.  
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl  
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly  
 old elf; [of myself.  
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite  
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his  
 head, [to dread.  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing  
 He spoke not a word, but went straight  
 to his work, [with a jerk,  
 And filled all the stockings; then turned  
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he  
 rose. [a whistle,  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave  
 And away they all flew like the down of  
 a thistle [out of sight,  
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove  
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a  
 good-night."

Im e' Aageblick kummt, jetz, un rund  
 wie e' Kersch [Hersch—  
 E' Fuhrmann im Schlidde un acht kleene  
 E' Männli in Pelze, so freundlich un frei—  
 'Hab graadeweck g'wüsst's muss der  
 Pelznickel sei! [zusamme,  
 Wie Aadler, so schnell, sin die Herschlin  
 Un er peift un'r ruuft, un'r nennt sie mit  
 Naame: [jetz Vixen!  
 "Jetz Dascher! jetz Danzer! jetz Prancer!  
 Un Komet! un Kupid! un Dunder! un  
 Blitzen!" [gefalle—  
 An der Porch isch er nuff, um die Mauer  
 "Jetz schpringt aweck! schpringt aweck!  
 schpringt aweck alle!"  
 Wie laab for'm e Windschorm—der  
 wildscht das mer seht, [werts geht,  
 Wann ebbes im Weeg isch un's himmel-  
 Zum Hausgiwwel nuf sin die Herschlin  
 wie g'floge,  
 Mit'm Schlidli foll Sach un der "Nick"  
 mit gezoze; [owwedrowe—  
 Im e' Aageblick hörscht uf'm Dach—  
 En Gescheer un Gedanz wie mit höl'zene  
 Glowwe. [Haus—  
 Mei Kop zieg ich nei, guk um mich im  
 Un im Schornschte, do kummt'r wahr-  
 haftig schun raus! [Fuus,  
 Mit Peltze ferwickelt fon Kop biz zum  
 Un alles ferschnuttelt mit Aesche un  
 Ruus! [G'schpiel—  
 Uf'm Buckel en Bundel foll allerhand  
 'S hat geguckt wie 'm Kremer sei  
 Kramm artlig fiel. [die lache—  
 Sei Maul, wie 'n Kersch, un sei Dimple  
 Sei Aage, die blinzle, und wie Rosa sei  
 Backe. [Klee,  
 Gans rund war sei Mäuli un roth wie der  
 Un 's Schnurbärdli weiss wie woll, oder  
 Schnee: [Zeh,  
 En schtumpiges Peifi, fescht zwische de  
 Un der schmook scheitgt in Ringlin so  
 schö in die Höh. [bissel  
 Sei G'sichtli so breed, un sei Bäuchli e'  
 Ueverm Lache hot g'shittelt wie Dschelly  
 in der Schüssel. [Elfge,  
 So dick un so rund war des luschtige  
 Muss lache, graad aus un kan's gaar net  
 helfe [Nücken—  
 Sei Köpli waar eifrig un schwätzig mit  
 Sei Aage, gaar freundlich mit Blinzele un  
 Blicken; [frölichem Braus.  
 Die Schrümp hot 'r g'fill't, un mit  
 Da schpringt inschandig, den Schorn-  
 schte hinaus; [peift en Piffel,  
 Dann fliege sie fort wie Duun fon der  
 Dischtel: [hat er g'macht—  
 Doch eb' er gans fort waar, sei Gruss  
 "En herrliche Chrischdaag! un zu alle,  
 Guut Nacht!"

## Song of the Faszgaenger.

AIR:—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to the heart are the meadows  
and uplands,  
When orchards are fragrant and burst-  
ing with bloom ;  
When lanes are aflutter with life and  
with beauty,  
And birds in the tree-tops are singing  
their tune.  
How fondly we turn to the shade in the  
wildwood,  
When summer's hot breath with fierce  
heat is aglow,  
And drink from the spring, that recalls  
our blest childhood—  
The days when our hearts were as  
pure as the snow.  
—  
Those golden-hued days, how with rap-  
ture we greet them !  
The junes of our Youthland, so bright  
and so fair ;  
Though gone like a dream from some  
Eden of mem'ry,  
We praise them, we bless them, in  
silence and prayer !

Oh ! dear fellow-walkers, though long we  
have loitered  
Among the sweets haunts of our moun-  
tains and dells,  
Fond mem'ry brings back its delectable  
treasures,  
Like echoes of songs from some far  
distant bells.  
—  
They count not, the years that are crowd-  
ing upon us,  
So long as our hearts are in touch  
with life's May ;  
The perfume of flowers, the voice of the  
waters,  
The glow of the autumn, e'en winter's  
fierce fray,  
But serve to imbue us with magical fresh-  
ness,  
With sweet, subtle breath, like the  
odors of Spring ;  
So here's to the hills, to the streams and  
the valleys—  
To one, each and all, our best off'rings  
we bring.

## Song of the Faszgaenger.

AIR:—"Ben Boll."

Oh ! don't you remember the days,  
brother John,  
The days when we tramped o'er the  
hills  
With footsteps so light, and with faces so  
bright,  
And with hearts that were pure as the  
rills ?  
And don't you remember the springs,  
brother John,  
In the gloom of the forest's repose ?  
How 'mid merriest sound the cup went  
around,  
While, like incense, our thanks slowly  
rose ?  
—  
And don't you remember the flow'rs,  
brother John,  
The flowers that bloomed 'long the  
road—  
The hum of the bees, and the songs in  
the trees,  
And the murmur of brooks as they  
flowed ?

Let us, brother John, then, thank God for  
His love,  
For health, and for friends, and for life ;  
For th' birds and the flowers, for the sun,  
and for showers,  
Aye, for home, and for child, and for  
wife.  
—  
And now that the woodlands are bud-  
ding again,  
And the robins are singing their lay,  
And the streams are unbound, with wel-  
coming sound  
The walkers must wend on their way.  
In the sweet, balmy air there are thou-  
sands of notes,  
And the meadows with rapture are  
thrilled,  
In mute words telling, how hearts should  
be swelling,  
As our vision with blossoms is filled.

## In Schiller's Honor.

An Address before the Canstatter Verein by Thos. C. Zimmerman.

The 130th anniversary of the birthday of the poet Schiller was celebrated on the evening of November 11th, 1889, at their hall, Fifth and Franklin streets, Reading. A large and deeply interested audience was present. The exercises consisted of music and addresses. Following are the remarks made by Thos. C. Zimmerman :

I certainly feel complimented by being called upon to say anything in this presence. We have met to-night to revive the glories of a name that has become a precious heritage to literature—that of Schiller, the genius of poesy, romance and intellectual liberty. One hundred and thirty years look down upon his warbling muse and sublime fancy as still delighting humanity. The eye of Destiny, which has witnessed the moldering into dust of temples and trophies, and which has seen much of the pomp of civilization buried; which has seen the crumbling gates of Troy resolve themselves into dust and every vestige of the ruins of ancient cities wiped from the face of the earth, is resting lovingly to-night on the assured immortality of one who wears a crown brighter than the diadem of the Cæsars, and whose glory and fame have become the proud possession of a never-ending posterity.

The presence here, to-night, of so large an audience to participate in celebrating the natal anniversary of Germany's most illustrious poet, is an evidence not only of the existence of that instinct which ever places the love of Fatherland supreme in the German heart, and whose all-pervading presence domes every German home and every German being like a sky, but it is a living proof of

an intelligence which seeks to honor the memory of an imperial mind whose regal gifts have enriched the literary treasures of the world.

We have met here, as hundreds of thousands are now doing all over the world, to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one who was a very king in the domain of Creative Thought. Celebrations like these will help to make him more than ever a familiar presence. More and more he is finding his way into human hearts and homes. Under the forceful influences of his splendid conception, grouped and colored as they are with a masterly hand, humanity will continue to be moved and exalted as under the spell of one divinely gifted.

In his great article on Dante, Lowell recalls the fact that at the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets, he adds, there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the

perilous seat, for he must combine poesy with doctrine in such cunning wise that one lose not its beauty nor the other its sovereignty, and Dante has done it. says Lowell exultingly. So with Schiller in the realm of German poesy. In the temple consecrate to genius, it is he who occupies the exalted place. There he sits enthroned like a king.

The better to form an estimate of Schiller's claims on posterity—I mean now among English readers—it is necessary to remember that he preceded the great poets who have made the Nineteenth Century an era in British literature inferior only to the Elizabethan. To quote a passage from a critical commentary of his works: "The influence of genius circulates insensibly, through a thousand channels impossible to trace; and, as in Elizabeth's day, the Italian mind colored deeply the very atmosphere in which Shakespeare breathed inspiration, so, in the earlier years of the present century, the spirit of Schiller operated almost equally on those versed in, and those ignorant of, the German language. It affected each peculiar mind according to its own peculiar idiosyncrasy—was reflective with Coleridge, chivalrous with Scott, animated and passionate with Byron, and transfused its lyric fire into the kindling melodies of Campbell." Schiller himself has said of the German Muse:

No Augustan century,  
No propitious Medici  
Smil'd on German art when young;  
Glory nourish'd not her powers,  
She unfolded not her flowers  
Princes' fav'ring rays among.  
From the mighty Fred'rick's throne  
Germany's most glorious son,—  
Went she forth, defenceless, spurn'd;  
Proudly Germans may repeat,  
While their hearts more gladly beat—  
They themselves their crown have earned.  
Therefore mounts with nobler pride,  
Therefore with a fuller tide  
Pours the stream of German bards;  
With his own abundance swells—  
From the inmost bosom wells—  
Chains of methods disregards.

Dear old Germany! the land of those twin immortals, Schiller and Goethe. We love the tenderness of her song and the witchery of her romance. In imagination we are soothed by the music of her shepherds' horns and lulled into pleasant dreams by the tinkling of the

bells upon her sheep and kine. It is there where

Splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;

and where

The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Whether charmed with her sweetly-flowing rills or wooed by the wild melody of her mountain torrents; whether we are stirred by the languid pulses of her summer air, or awed by the black and frowning strength of her mountain crags; whether imbued with the art which gave to literature the incomparable "Diver," the sublimest ballad in the world; whether thrilled by the dramatic movement of "Wallenstein," or moved by the fierce energy of "The Robbers," which has been likened to some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age. Schiller and the land of his birth will continue to grow more and more resplendent—the one with his noble aspirations, overpowering genius and aesthetic art saturating with sweet discourse the pages of literature; the other with its happy homes, its unity of domestic life, its patriotism, its music, its philosophy, its history and its poesy, making glad the hearts of all her children everywhere, for it is in Germany, as Schiller himself has pictured it, where

Man and the soil serene  
Dwell neighbor like together—and the still  
Meadow sleeps peaceful round the rural door.

In conclusion, let me say that I am glad to see growing evidences all about us of an ever-increasing regard of the American heart for the sturdy honesty and the intellectual and artistic wealth of the German people. The close commingling of the different portions of the great Anglo-Saxon family will more closely unite in one common bond the political and social sympathies of our people, and help to a better appreciation of the duties which we owe to each other, to society, and to government.

Travelers, we are told, are sometimes thrilled in seeing for the first time the inscription, *Hier wohnte Schiller*, over the door of a small house on Schiller-strasse, in Weimar. Let us so study the character, the philosophy and the genius of this great poet, that we may lay our hands upon our hearts, and say: "*HIER wohnte Schiller.*"



## A Notable Entertainment.

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**Mr. T. C. Zimmerman's Translation of Schiller's Masterpiece Recited by  
Mayor Kenney before the Harmonie Mænnerchor.**

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[From the *Reading Times*, January 24, 1889.]

The grand musical and literary entertainment of the Harmonie-Mænnerchor at their hall last evening was the superior, in every respect, of the long list of entertainments heretofore given by this society; besides, the rendition of literary and musical productions whose authors are among us and are so well known to every person in the city, added an interest to the entertainment which those of the past have lacked. The hall was filled, every seat on the main floor having been taken, while the east gallery was crowded. The full programme arranged for the evening has been published in the *TIMES*, having appeared in Monday morning's issue. Harmonie-Mænnerchor orchestra was first on the programme, while the second number was by the Mænnerchor, the title of the song being "Weib, Wein und Gesang," "Love's Sorrow," a tenor solo by Mr. Daniel Roland, was greeted with hearty applause, and was followed by another selection by the orchestra. The part of the programme in which the greatest interest centered was then reached—the recitation, by Mayor James R. Kenney, of Mr. Thos. C. Zimmerman's translation of the renowned German poet Schiller's masterpiece, "The Song of the Bell." Many of the persons present in order to better catch every word, rose to their feet as Mr. Wm. Rosenthal stepped to the front and said:

**MR. ROSENTHAL'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.**

"Please permit me to invite your special kind attention to the recitation, announced in to-night's programme, of a masterpiece of German poetry, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," as translated into English by our gifted townsman, Thomas C. Zimmerman. It has been my good fortune to receive an advance copy from my esteemed friend, thus enabling me to read carefully and to compare his work with a number of previous translations rendered by celebrated authors. Dr. Furness's translation has been pronounced to be the standard work heretofore; Sir Bulwer Lytton painted an admirable poetical picture of the song. Elliot, Baskerville, Earl of Ellsmere, Dwight and Frothingham, and other eminent writers furnished highly creditable productions, and Edgar Bowring came nearest in my judgment to the ideal representation of the original in the English language. It has been well said, that an English Schiller himself would not be able to do full justice to the German original of the Bell in the English language. When I, in the face of all these celebrated translations, emphatically express my own opinion that Thomas C. Zimmerman's work is not excelled by any one so far rendered, and is superior in many fine points, I assure you, that it is not personal

admiration, but true conviction, that prompts me to proclaim this my judgment from this stand. It is an entirely new and original work; it is in its metrical adaptation to the original poem almost perfect; its poetical form and expression is chaste, true and lofty, and the contemporaneous surroundings of a century ago, which Schiller's creation necessarily would reflect, have diligently been searched and thus enabled the author to present a more faithful adherence to the German original than most of his co-translators have succeeded in doing. This work will be recited by the Hon. James R Kenney."

MAYOR KENNEY'S APPEARANCE.

Mayor Kenney's appearance was greeted with hearty applause, but scarcely had the first words of his preliminary remarks been uttered when the audience quieted down and listened to him with the most marked attention. Mr. Kenney's rendition of the translation was well worthy of the compliments it received from those who heard him. Although having less than a week's time to study the poem, he seemed to have thoroughly grasped the picture the author so beautifully paints in words, and presented it to his hearers in such a way as to also bring to their minds, through Mr. Zimmerman's translation, a more full understanding of what the poet saw before him when he penned the immortal lines.

At the conclusion of the recitation the applause was deafening, and cries of "Zimmerman" came from all parts of the hall, and only ceased when Mr. Zimmerman stepped to the platform and said:

MR. ZIMMERMAN'S REMARKS.

"I thank you for this mark of appreciation. Expressions like this are a pleasure and a recompense—a pleasure in that they convey the good wishes of kindly disposed neighbors and friends; a recompense in that they bring to honest endeavor the coveted "well done!" It is not my purpose, however, to inflict a speech upon you, as I am not practised in the graces of public utterance, and so, with your permission, I will briefly recount, although in, perhaps, less inviting form, the exalted virtues of one whose epic and dramatic idealism, impassioned eloquence, and artistic grace and felicity,

gave to the world of German literature, next to Goethe, the greatest poet Germany has produced. I need hardly say that I refer to Friederich von Schiller, the author of "*Das Lied von der Glocke*," the finest of his lyrics, which, in common with many others, I have attempted to translate for English readers, and which translation Mayor Kenney has rendered so acceptably this evening. No less an illustrious personage than Bulwer, who himself has made a translation of all the metrical productions of Schiller, characterizes this great German poet as "the representative of the civilization of Northern Manhood and Christian sentiment." "In his poems," says Bulwer, may be seen "a great and forcible intellect uniting with a golden chain the outer world and the inner to the Celestial Throne;" the vocation of whose Muse "is a Religious Mission, who loses not her spiritual prerogative, though shorn of her stately pageantry, and despoiled of her festive robes; whose power to convert and to enlighten, to purify and to raise, depends not on the splendor of her appearance, but on the truths that she proclaims."

To thoroughly appreciate a genius like Schiller, with all the subtleties of his expression, the robust character of his verse, its classic rhythm and sublime energy, one should be able to understand the original form into which his work was fashioned. His is not "the lay that lightly floats;" his not the murmuring, dying cadences

"That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly;"

but more like

"The passionate strain that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it, too."

Aye, more. All through his poetical works there is noticeable, on every hand, a rugged loftiness of purpose and a grandeur of diction, suggestive oftentimes of tenderness, as well as majesty, and quickening power; that deepens the moral convictions of men, and enlarges and intensifies their spiritual conceptions. Much of this necessarily escapes in translation, "even if," as Bulwer expresses it, "an English Schiller were himself to translate." Again I thank you for your patient attention.

## Song of the Bell.

**Cordial Reception of Mr. Zimmerman's Translation of Schiller's Famous Poem.—Tributes from all Quarters.**

Following extracts are from some of the many kind letters and notices received by Mr. Thos. C. Zimmerman in reference to his recent translation into English of Schiller's famous "*Das Lied von der Glocke*."

### Letter From Oswego State Normal School.

Prof. Otto H. L. Schwetzky, instructor in German and Latin in the State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y., wrote as follows:

"I have just read in *Germania* a part of your translation of Schiller's *Glocke*, and am struck with its beauty and faithfulness. I must have the whole of your translation for my German class. \* \* \* Being a German, an enthusiastic reader of Schiller and a teacher of German, I can appreciate your almost marvelous success. The transformation worked by you is such as we are wont to find in fairy tales only, where we accept the wonderful without asking any questions, because every thing seems natural enough, after bewilderment has changed to fascination.

Your translation proves the maxim, that the simplest solution of a problem is the one nearest the truth. May I venture to guess at the secrets of your workshop? Did you not set out to translate every word by itself? and when you had them all, did you not put them together as you would a number of marbles on a plate, just large enough for the marbles to cover its bottom, and then with one

masterly movement give a shake that made every marble get into line, the whole representing a symmetrical, complete picture, which nothing can improve?"

### Letter From Canada.

A. Purslow, M. A., LL. D., headmaster of Port Hope High School, Ontario, Canada, says:

"I have checked a few of the crucial verses in your translation of Schiller's 'The Song of the Bell,' and would add mine to the many compliments you have already received were I not afraid that they would be as unnoticed as a small boy in a crowd. I consider myself fortunate in securing a copy of so excellent a translation of my favorite German poem."

### From the Argentine Republic.

Maj. O. C. James, writing from Caracara, Argentine Republic, S. A., said, among other things:

"I am not familiar enough with the German to read poetry with any great sense of its beauty, hence 'The Song of the Bell' in the original was a sealed book. Your translation, therefore, appeals to me with all the force of a first presentation in strong, terse, yet musically-flowing English. I read it with great pleasure, and need not say that you have my hearty congratulations on your great achievement."

**Kind Words From California.**

Nathan Stein, teller in Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, writes thus: "I rejoice to find the honor has fallen on a 'Lebanon county boy' (of which I'm one myself, though born in Dauphin,) of making so fine and approved a translation of so great a German original. It has always appeared to me among the 'Pennsylvania Dutch' who have been blessed with opportunities—or impelling power to help themselves—should be found the ablest interpreters, to English readers, of the treasures of German literature, and in such as Bayard Taylor's and yours I find the record fairly started that will confirm my opinion. You have my hearty good wishes for all future endeavors you may make in that line."

**Letter From Berlin, Germany.**

Theodore Liebermann, of San Francisco, wrote from Berlin, Germany, in these words:

"The translation of the *Glocke* which I admired so much in its recitation to the steamship's company on board the steamer Lahn by Capt. Andrews, a fellow-passenger from Toronto Canada, and which I borrowed the next day for careful personal reading. I should like to have. Please send me a copy to Berlin. I wish to offer you my compliments for the rare talent you have shown in the work of translation."

**The Philadelphia "Demokrat's" High Compliment.**

The Philadelphia *Demokrat* of the 30th ultimo contains the following very complimentary notice:

"An eminent translator of German classical poems into the English is Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading *TIMES*. A large number of such translations have been already published. They excel not only in choice poetical language, but also by a most faithful adherence to the original, and well deserve to be compiled into one general edition. The latest, which Mr. Zimmerman has furnished, is a translation of Schiller's "Bell." There are already existing a number of excellent translations into the English of the "Bell" from Bulwer's to Rev. Furness's of Philadelphia, which up to the present time has been judged to be the best, but which, indeed, is excelled by that of Mr. Zimmerman in the accuracy of the rendition of the original."

**From the Editor of the New York Times.**

C. R. Miller, editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, sent the following:

"I have lately seen a copy of your translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' and have been so much struck by its fidelity and excellence that I make bold to ask you where and how I can obtain it."

**"A Triumph of the Translator's Art."**

[From the New York World.]

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading (Pa.) *TIMES*, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." Mr. Zimmerman's rendering is a triumph of the translator's art, and recalls the work of Bayard Taylor.

**"An Admirable Translation."**

J. G. Rosengarten, Esq., one of Philadelphia's leading attorneys, writes as follows:

"I congratulate you on being a poet who is honored at home; it is an augury of good things yet to come."

**Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg's Greetings.**

Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg, late Professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, writes under date of the 26th ultimo:

"I have read with great interest, and great pleasure, your spirited translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." It is a real masterpiece of poetic work, on your part, for the translation, owing to the constantly varying rhythms of the original presents peculiar difficulties. I have read over your translation several times, with admiration of your success; and am disposed to say you are competent to grapple with any difficulties in German poetry, after such a specimen.

I cannot do anything else than praise your industry, and wise economy of time; in laboring, in this delightful department of literature, for your own pleasure and profit, and the benefit of the present and future generations.

I hope, when you have a sufficiency of your literary labors on hand, you will have them collected in a volume, for our permanent possession."

**N. Y. Herald's High Praise.**

Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, one of the proprietors of the Reading *TIMES*, has placed his name in the category of famous *litterateurs* by a very creditable translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

**What B. P. Shillaber Says.**

B. P. Shillaber. (Mrs. Partington,) Boston, writes of the translation :

\* \* "The sturdiness of the poem attests its fidelity, and I think there is a self-evidence of this in the construction of the versification, and to read it one might be lead to say, with the New Jersey justice, when opposing evidence was called for in a certain case, "You needn't bring it on—my mind is made up." I congratulate you on the success you have achieved, and trust that you may be led to gather all you have written and give it to the world in books. \* \*

**Judge McPherson's Beautiful Tribute.**

Under date of Jan. 29th, Hon. John B. McPherson, additional law judge of the Dauphin-Lebanon judicial district, writes as follows :

"It is not given to every translator to follow faithfully his original and yet preserve its felicities both of thought and expression, and that you have so abundantly succeeded in an effort of unusual difficulty is convincing proof that you have had the invaluable aid of that inner, imaginative sympathy without which translation is mechanical work hardly worth doing."

**Congratulations from California.**

Mr. John S. Hittell, historian of the Golden State, and a gentleman of profound scholarly attainments, sends the following :

1025 HYDE STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2, 1889. }  
MR. T. C. ZIMMERMAN :

*Dear Sir* :—Let me congratulate you on the merit of your translation of "*Das Lied von der Glocke*," by Schiller, published in the Reading TIMES AND DISPATCH of the 24th ult :

I would like still more to congratulate you on making your journal a steadfast and influential advocate of the study of high German by the Pennsylvania Germans, who can learn it easily and will not forget it, as they do their French and their Latin. Next to the English, the German language has the richest of all literatures; and in many branches it is worth more to the scholar than all other foreign tongues, ancient and modern together.

I am a Pennsylvania German by birth; I have studied three ancient languages; I speak four of the tongues of modern Continental Europe; and therefore I know something of what I write.

**What Geo. G. Barclay Writes.**

Geo. G. Barclay, Esq., for many years a practitioner at the Berks county bar, late of Philadelphia, deceased, wrote thus:

*Dear Zimmerman* :—I have just read a pamphlet copy of your translation of Schiller's masterpiece, "The Song of the Bell," and I am delighted with it. It has touched my heart, and affected my head, as a glass of sparkling champagne, such as we used to have in "the olden time," when there was champagne. If you were not of "Old Berks," \* \* that piece of yours would be applauded to the very echo that doth applaud again.

I have read Bulwer, but his translation has not left upon my mind the impression that I know yours will. I have forgotten *his*; I doubt whether I will as soon forget your *fine* translation.

Allow me to say—and I don't intend to flatter—that I think and know that there is a good deal of poetry in your make which ought to be better appreciated than it is, but—but—but—"a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

**Praise from Robert J. Burdette.**

Under date of the 29th ultimo, Robert J. Burdette, the world-renowned humorist, writes from Bryn Mawr, as follows :

*My dear friend Zimmerman* :—I have just been reading the "Song of the Bell"—Schiller interpreted by Zimmerman. Happy the poet who hath an interpreter whose heart throbs in harmony and cadence with his own.

So be the mission of your pen, my friend—

"—This henceforth its calling be  
\* \* \* a voice from heaven,  
Like yonder starry hosts, so clear,  
Who in their course extol their Maker,  
And onward lead the wreath-crowned year.  
To earnest things and things eternal,  
Devoted be its metal tongue."

Itself hath written its own prophecy!

**What Pres't White, of Cornell, Says.**

President White, of Cornell University, writes as follows :

That your work obeys the chief requisite for a translation of a poem,—fidelity to the original metre and rime,—is not the least of its merits. And I trust that one influence from its publication will be to attract more readers to become better acquainted with the many noble lyric utterances of Schiller himself."

A Scholarly Review.

The following ably-written criticism is from the pen of J. B. Ker, who, while a resident of Scotland, once stood for Parliament:

TO COL. T. C. ZIMMERMAN—*Sir*: Having read and studied your notable translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," I have been forcibly impressed by the music of the language into which you have rendered the poem. This is a merit of capital importance in the translation of this poem. In estimating the value of translations of the great German poems, it is necessary to bear in mind the weight which the literary and critical consciousness of Germany attached to the ancient classical canons of poetry. There is no question here as to whether the ancients were right. The point for us is that their influence was loyally acknowledged as of high authority during the Augustan age of German literature. Proof of this can be found in Goethe as distinctly as it superabundantly appears in Lessing's famous "Dramatic Notes," where the poetic dicta of Aristotle are treated with profound respect.

In the study of Aristotle's work on the Poetic, nothing is perhaps more striking than his dictum that poetry is imitation, with the explanation or enlargement so aptly given by Pope in the words:

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough waves should like the torrent roar  
When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,  
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow,  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the main,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn, or skims along the plain.

Now knowing the German recognition of the law and acknowledging its realization in the works of the leading Teutonic poets, one of the crucial tests of a translation of a great German poem is, Does the language into which the original is rendered form an "echo to the sense?"

It seems to me that one of the strongest points in your translation of the "Bell" is that the words which you have selected and gathered have sounds, which like the music of a skillful musical composer, convey a signification independently of their literal meaning. Not to protract these remarks unduly, few words could more appropriately refer to the music of strong and distant bells than your rendering

"That from the metal's unmixed founding  
Clear and full may the bell be sounding."

Very slight poetic capacity must admit the music of these words as eminently happy in the "Song of the Bell."

The echo to the sense is also striking in the sound of the word-symbols in many places throughout the rendering where the poet describes the occurrences conceived in connection with the bell's imagined history.

Speaking of the visions of love

"O, that they woul' be never-ending,  
These vernal days with lovelight blending;"

the way in which the penult of the word "ending" conveys the idea of finality, while the affix of the present participle yet prolongs the word as though loath to let it depart, is a beautiful and enviable realization of the Aristotelian rule, a prolongation of the words which expresses doubly a prolongation of desire.

The four lines reading:

"Blind raging, like the thunder's crashing,  
It bursts its fractured bed of earth,  
As if from out hell's jaws fierce flashing,  
It spewed its flaming ruin forth,"

have a vehement strength and a rough and even a painful and horrid sound which apply with singular propriety to the horrible images by which the poet presents the catastrophe to our quickened apprehensions.

The beautiful lines:

"Joy to me now God hath given," &c.

in which the bell-founder exults, avoiding, as they do, the deeper vowel sounds and preserving as it were a series of high musical notes save where the gift descends from Heaven to earth when the vowel sounds fall from high to low, form a delightful resonance of the happy sentiment they embody.

The general experience of translations is that they are more prosy than sonorous or musical. Few, however, if any, will deny the melody of your language in many places and its remarkable appropriateness in others, and those who have worked on similar translations can best judge how great is the success you have accomplished in this valuable contribution to Angli-Saxon literature.

"Recalling the Finest Works of Bayard Taylor."

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading Times, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which is said to recall some of the finest works of Bayard Taylor

A Cotemporary's Cordial Greeting.

To the Reading *Evening Telegram*, the translator is indebted for the following graceful compliment :

"Editor Zimmerman, of the *TIMES*, has had the many complimentary newspaper notices of his translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," together with the letters of congratulation of personal friends and literatteurs printed with his translation in pamphlet form. This book is a treasure house filled with the sweet incense of praise, the reward of well-spent time and labor, and shows that the popular appreciation will follow all deserving effort. Editor Zimmerman's literary work, the largest part of which is in the columns of the *TIMES*, has always borne the impress of a scholarly taste, and some of his best efforts have been his sketches of nature as he saw it in his rambles about the city. That he should have been able to make translations of the German classical lyrics is not surprising, for he possesses the gift of poesy which only needed occasion for its development. It will be far more surprising if he is not accorded the place in the world of letters which he should occupy."

"Germania's" Criticism of the Translation.

From a criticism published in *Germania*, a monthly magazine published in Boston, the following extracts are made :

Wir haben schon früher einmal daraut hingewiesen welch' vortreffliches Mittel der aufmerksame Vergleich einer guten Uebersetzung mit dem Originale jedem Studierenden an die Hand giebt, um in den Geist der Sprache einzudringen. Selten haben wir uns von der Wahrheit dieser Behauptung so Ueberzeugt gefühlt wie beim Lesen der trefflichen Uebersetzung des Herrn Zimmermann. Herr Zimmermann ist kein Neuling in der Uebersetzungskunst, wie wir hören, hat er schon manches herrliche deutsche Gedicht: "Die Lorelei," "Erlkönig," "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," u. a. ins Englische übertragen, und sich durch seine genaue und dichterische Wiedergabe des Originals die höchste Anerkennung erworben. Wir müssen gestehn dass wir seine Uebersetzung von Schiller's Lied von der Glocke aber doch mit einem gewissen Zweifel in die Hand nahmen. Die Aufgabe, dieses herrliche Gedicht zu übersetzen, ist eine so ungeheure, die Uebersetzungen der tüchtigsten Männer standen so tief unter dem Original, dass sie uns fast unmöglich vorkam. Wunderbar hat sich Herr

Zimmermann seiner Aufgabe entledigt. Seine Uebersetzung erreicht das Original nicht, sie kommt demselben aber wohl am nächsten. Einige Stellen sind mit solcher Meisterschaft wiedergegeben, wie es nur ein Genie, ein hochbegabter Dichter vermag. \* \* \*

'Lust und Liebe sind die Fittiche zu grossen Thaten', das sieht man recht an dem Werke des Herrn Zimmermann. Möge das Lob, welches er sich durch diese Arbeit erworben hat, den Verfasser zu ähnlichen Werken anspornen, das ist unser innigster Wunsch.

[TRANSLATION.]

Upon a previous occasion we have pointed out the excellent means which are placed in the hands of the student to enter into the spirit of a language by a careful comparison of a creditable translation with the original. Seldom have we felt so convinced of the truth of this assertion, as by reading the excellent translation of Mr. Zimmerman. Mr. Zimmerman is no novice in the art of translation, as we are informed; he has translated into English many a beautiful German poem such as "The Lorelei," "Erlking," "A Rock-Bound Fortress is our God," and others, and by his accurate and poetic rendition of the original earned the highest recognition. We must admit that we took in hand his translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" with certain misgivings. The task of translating this beautiful poem is so enormous; the translations of the most capable men stood so far beneath the original that it appeared to us a feat well nigh impossible.

Wonderfully has Mr Zimmerman acquitted himself of his task. His translation does not reach the original; it however, comes nearest to it. Several parts are rendered in such masterly manner, as only a genius, a highly-gifted poet, is enabled to do.

'Pleasure and love are the wings to great deeds'; this can be particularly seen in this work of Mr Zimmerman. May the praise, which he has received through this work, inspire the author to similar works, is our most ardent wish.

What the San Francisco "Call" Says.

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading *TIMES*, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which is said to recall some of the finest works of Bayard Taylor.

**"A Remarkable Production."**

John W. Mish, Esq., of Lebanon, in a letter dated the 30th ultimo, says :

"*Dear Mr. Zimmerman* :—Your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is a remarkable production—following exactly the peculiar metrical construction of the original throughout and yet retaining the absolute literal expression of the author.

Evidences of a discernment extraordinary, united with poetic genius, from which still higher flights can be anticipated.

To the translator I tender my warmest congratulations, and hope soon to welcome an Epic or an Idyl from the gifted translator."

**"Commands the Attention of All Lovers of Poetry."**

[From the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer.]

"The translation commands the attention of all lovers of poetry, and as reproducing with accuracy and force the poetic thought of Schiller's masterpiece, it is a notable work. In the minds of a great many, however, the only right of poetry to exist depends upon the melody of the language used, and it has been found almost impossible for even the greatest poets to translate a poem with exact adherence to the thought and an equal care for the sound effect. It has been said that Longfellow sacrificed sense to sound, and Zimmerman may be taxed with the smaller fault of reversing the sacrifice and preserving the vigor and beauty of the thought. If the English language cannot accommodate itself to Schiller so much the worse for the language. In many passages, however, words and thoughts are equally pleasing, and we have to thank the talented Pennsylvania editor for an excellent and valuable addition to our translated literature."

**"A Wonderful Success."**

[From the Reading Herald.]

"The translation is a wonderful success in "etting over." to use the German idiom, into the English language the whole poem without apparently marring a sentiment or jarring out of place the delicate music that Schiller put into it. In doing this he [Mr. Zimmerman] has performed a service for English readers not to be overestimated, and has added much to the fame he has already acquired by his admirable translations of some of the masterpieces of German poetry."

**"Charming and Impressive."**

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

"It is worthy of the reputation of Mr. Zimmerman, who possesses the poetic faculty in an eminent degree, and whose facility as a writer is charming and impressive."

**A Poetic Tribute.**

Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, associate pastor of Salem's Lutheran church, Lebanon, and a gentleman of high literary culture, writes from "On Board Train," "New York State," as follows :

"*My Dear Mr. Zimmerman* :—Your new translation in my hand has kept my eyes from the snowy scenes, through which I am being whirled, along the shores of Seneca Lake.

In a pure white flame you have fused over again the great German Glocke, and run its molten metal into the ever changing, mightily-stirring metrical mould of the original, with such success

That both heart and eye delighted,  
May behold the perfect form.

If the German 'Glocke' be 'like a golden star,' and vibrate with golden tones ; surely the English 'Bell is like a silvery star, and sings a silvery song.'

**"Poetic Genius of a High Order."**

[From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.]

"Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is one of the finest poems in the German or any other language, and Mr Zimmerman has translated it in a manner which preserves the beauty of sentiment and imagery of the original, and gives him fresh claims on the praise of lovers of pure, vigorous English. The *Telegraph* congratulates Mr Zimmerman on his success as a translator."

**Shows Skill and Taste.**

*The Book Buyers' Guide* of Baltimore, recently contained the following under its editorial head : "Editor Zimmerman, of the esteemed Reading TIMES, finds time in the intervals of daily work to woo the muses. He recently published a metrical translation of Schiller's '*Das Lied von der Glocke*.' It compares favorably with similar efforts by other writers and shows no little skill and literary taste. The Bell Song is one of the most difficult poems to render into English to be found among Schiller's writings. It has a great variety of metre and the meaning in the original is in some cases not a little obscure. Mr. Zimmerman has received, as he deserves, the compliments of the craft."

**A Clergyman's Congratulations.**

Rev. S H. Hoover, pastor of St. Peter's M. E. church, this city, concludes a letter to the translator in these words :

\* \* \* 'You have a way of getting at the meaning of the German poets—that's really genius. How do you do it? Tell us your secret. I think even Schiller himself is indebted to you and ought to rise and thank you for making his Bell ring out so grandly its melodious peals to the comfort and delight of the busy peoples of this busy century.'

**"Eminently Creditable."**

[From the Scranton Truth.]

'Eminently creditable to that gentleman's literary skill.'

**Brentano's Publishing House Wants It.**

Brentanos' publishers and booksellers, 5 Union Square, New York, write as follows :

THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN—*Dear Sir* :—Where can we obtain "The Song of Bell" by you? If you can supply it please send one, with bill.

**From the Deputy Sup't of Penna. Schools.**

The following congratulatory letter is from the Deputy Superintendent of the Common Schools of the State :

*"Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,  
Department of Public Instruction,  
HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1889."*

"*Mr. Zimmerman* :—Your translation of Schiller's poem, entitled, "The Song of the Bell," came here during my absence. I have read it over and over again, and I am glad to admit that you have accomplished a task which to me seemed impossible. I thought there is no English which could take the place of this beautiful German.

With your translation before me, I am ready to say it is Schiller's poem in English as it is in German. We are proud of the fact that you belong to Lebanon county."

**An "Ideal Interpretation."**

The following note from New York city explains itself :

The harmonious blending of words, the true and ideal interpretation of the great German poet's masterwork, is through your masterly translation made truly perfect. The clear and sweet intonations of the "Bell" now have the identical metallic ring in both languages!

Very sincerely yours,  
LOUIS C. WOEHNING.

**Revealing "a Mine of Poetic Wealth."**

Hon Charles B. Forney, a retired iron-master residing at Lebanon, and a writer of State-wide reputation, sends the following under date of the 12th instant :

"*FRIEND ZIMMERMAN*.—*Dear Sir* :—Your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is deservedly calling forth the praise of capable critics. It is a literary triumph of which you may well feel proud, ranking as it does your name with those of the most distinguished translators from the German. The mine of poetic wealth you have revealed to us in your translations, is not only invaluable in itself, but forcibly teaches the same lesson, that "man lives not by bread alone." Those who minister to our higher and better nature are few—you are destined to be one of them."

**What the Editor of "American Notes and Queries" Says.**

Under date of February 12th, instant, W. H. Garrison, one of the editors and publishers of *American Notes and Queries*, says :

"*My Dear Sir* :—I spoke yesterday to Mr Levy, a highly intelligent German, editing the *Evening Herald* of this city, about the translation of "The Song of the Bell." If you will forward him a copy for notice it will be appreciated as greatly as it was by

Very truly yours,  
W. H. GARRISON.

**What Rothermel, the Great Historical Painter, Says.**

P. F. Rothermel, the well known painter of the "Battle of Gettysburg," writes as follows :

"*My Dear Mr. Zimmerman* :—I read your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell;" also your paper containing many expressions of very great value from scholars, whose praise, unreserved and spontaneous as it is, stamps your translation as a work of the greatest merit.

I wish also heartily to congratulate you upon the manner in which the public has met your work by its pronounced appreciation."

**Never Saw a Better Piece of Work.**

"I find your translation very good. I have never seen a better piece of work. The same opinion of its high merit is entertained by all to whom I have shown the translation."

Yours truly,  
GEO. HOEHN.  
360 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**"The Finest Translation Yet Made."**

Under this caption appears the following editorial from the columns of the Easton (Pa.) *Sunday Call*:

The truest translation yet made, notwithstanding so scholarly a gentleman as Dr. Furness and several others equally eminent, had previously translated it. This is but one of the many creditable translations rendered from the German by our gifted editorial brother."

"As an evidence of the esteem in which the people of Reading hold him, it may be stated that at a musical festival held there, by the most popular society of the city, a part of the program was the recitation, by the Mayor of the city, of the English translation alluded to, to a large and intelligent audience of the *elite* of Reading."

**"Adding Lustre to the Illustrious Schiller."**

Dr. S. T. Lineaweaver, of Lebanon, sends the following highly flattering commendation of the translator's work:

"You must certainly be divinely-gifted, in a poetical sense, to reproduce in a foreign language, a poem hitherto deemed tame except in its original language. I recognize the difficulty of a poetical translation into hard English, from the German, and was amazed as well as gratified to know that a fellow-townsmen of mine could add lustre to the illustrious Schiller. This translation will go down to generations of English-reading people in company with its illustrious author."

**A New York Lady's Congratulations.**

A daintily-written note, approaching in delicacy of form and feature the attractiveness of copperplate, reached the translator from New York a few days ago. It is dated as follows:

1135 Lex. Ave., Cor. 79th St.,  
NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1889. }

"My familiarity with the German language has enabled me to enjoy the original works of this poet laureate—and you through an admirable translation, perfectly reflect the beauties of the poem, thereby enabling American ladies to share the enjoyment, and appreciate this favorite poet to a far greater degree than heretofore."

Very respectfully,  
FRANCES WOEHNING.

**Achieving Fame.**

[From the Scranton Republican.]

"Mr. Zimmerman has achieved no little fame as a translator of poetry from German to English."

**"Americanizing the German Muse."**

Dr. Frank Cowan, of Greenesburgh, well known in literary and scientific circles as a writer of scholarly ability, sends the following:

"THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Reading, Pa.—*My Dear Sir*:—I congratulate you heartily on the series of brilliant successes which you have achieved in Americanizing the German Muse. It seems to me to be the capping-sheaf to our general success in naturalizing the Germans, to make our own the highest evolutions of their poetic thought. It is becoming in a man of your name and lineage to engage in this work; it is within the compass of your well-known powers of appreciation and expression to continue your successes indefinitely, and have no rival save yourself; and it is my earnest prayer that you work away until—poetically, at least—the terms Pennsylvania Dutch and German American be as tautologic as ox-beef, Hebrew-Jew, or the like. With respect to your last success—well, I thank you a thousand times for combining forever the tones of Schiller's Bell and the notes of the wood-thrush and other choristers of Appalachia."

**"Beautiful, Correct, Rhythmic."**

The Harrisburg *Evening Star* says:

"We have long known Mr. Zimmerman's love for the Muses, but had no idea that so beautiful, so correct, so rhythmic a rendition of one of the great German's greatest poetic effusions could be produced in English. Mr. Zimmerman has done so, and the sons and descendants of *das Vaterland* owe him a debt of gratitude."

**Rev. Dr. Mann's Eloquent Tribute.**

Rev. W. J. Mann, D.D., of Philadelphia, perhaps the foremost German pulpit orator in America, under date of February 27th, writes as follows:

"THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—So much has been said in praise of your excellent translation of Schiller's 'Glocke' that whatever I might say cannot add one leaf to the wreath of laurels encircling your head. Perhaps it might not be unwelcome to you to hear that one of the greatest in the line of literary criticism, Wilhelm von Humboldt, once remarked that Schiller's 'Glocke' was the song which embodied in its sentiments the entire scale of feelings of which the human soul was capable. The 'Glocke' has not lost in this respect by being by you recast in the English mould."

High Praise from Rev. W. H. Myers.

In his "At Leisure" paper contributed to *The Lutheran* of January 31st, Rev. W. H. Myers, of this city, pays the following high compliment to the translator of "The Song of the Bell" and his work :

When Col. T. C. Zimmerman, quite recently, published at the request of *The Lutheran*, his new translation of Luther's Battle-Hymn, a spontaneous literary ovation overwhelmed him. The secular and religious press from every side at once popularized the excellent rendition, and intensified the beauty and strength of the original hymn itself—one of the richest legacies of the Lutheran Church.

Mr. Zimmerman's genius, as a translator from German into English, is even better demonstrated in his masterly rendition of "Schiller's Song of the Bell," just brought to public notice. It was first read before a large assemblage in the Reading Academy of Music last week, and was afterwards printed in the *Reading Times*, where the German and English appear side by side. Those who are interested in the poem would do well to secure it in this shape by sending for copies of the *TIMES*.

The great German lyric bard is not so easily approached by the translator. His classical metres were not popular in this country until recently. Then, too, he is often mystical, and this, together with the peculiar metre, makes the rendition of his writings into English a difficult task.

"The Song of the Bell" rides on the top crest of Schiller's popularity. Its varied intonations are as rich as the sounding metal of the Bell itself. No wonder so many translators have labored over its eccentric lines, oft weird, oft exhilarating—few of the translations can be praised for fidelity to the original.

I have before me Edgar Alfred Bowring's effort. Men of greater literary fame have risked their reputation on Schiller's poem—but this modest tribute is not eclipsed by any more popularly accepted authority.

We need not necessarily have the instinct of the more astute critic to affirm that the translation of T. C. Zimmerman strikes one as pre-eminently masterly. The faithful art-student of poesy may linger and pick flaws in detail if he will—there is much in *feeling* that a thing is right. The deep poetic feeling of the bard appeals more to the heart than to the head of the reader. Our translator has caught the spirit of the varied transitions of the poem most faithfully—the

scenes shift in their moods like sunshine playing through rushing clouds. Humor it has none, for Schiller had none—but a mixture of solid repose and a surprised influx of thrilling pathos, chased out again by light-hearted playfulness. It is not art, but genius that can reflect this poem in another tongue.

The opening verses describing the casting of the bell, are full of stately sentiments and philosophic truths capable of much artificial bungling in the translation—but there is nothing labored in the knottiest parts.

The revelry of love and its beautiful attainment—the hymeneal altar, as pictured by Schiller, has not suffered by the translation. It retains the measured intonations of the bell—

See the pipes already browning!  
This small bar I dip therein;  
If it show a glazed coating,  
Then the castings may begin.  
Workmen, quickly go,  
Prove the mixture's flow.  
When soft and brittle fuse together,  
'Tis a sign propitious ever.

For when the stern and soft are sharing,  
And strength with gentleness is pairing,  
The harmony is sweet and strong.  
Who, therefore, would be bound forever,  
Must see that hearts agree together!—  
Illusion's brief, repentance long.  
Lovely, in the bride's fair tresses,  
Plays the virgin wreath of green,  
When the merry church bells, ringing,  
Summon to the joyous scene.  
Ah! life's sweetest festal moments  
Also end life's sunny May,  
With the veil, and with the girdle,  
Fond illusions fade away.  
For passion will fly,  
But love be surviving;  
The flower must die,  
The fruitage be thriving.  
The man must be out  
In life's battle fighting,  
Be struggling and striving,  
And planting and working,  
No artifice shirking,  
Be risking and staking,  
His fortune o'ertaking.

Taking all in all, I think the translator has shown himself most masterly in the thrilling, exciting alarm that he creates in the unhesitating, even strokes of the following lines. The picture is real, and not a single misplacing of word or metre breaks the spell of your excitement—

How friendly is the fire's might,  
When tamed by being watched aright;  
And what man fashions, what creates,  
From this heaven-born force he takes.  
But fearful this promethean wonder,  
When its fetters break asunder,  
And madly leaps unchecked along!  
Dame Nature's daughter, free and strong!  
Woe, when once 'tis liberated,  
Spreading free on every hand:  
Through the streets, like fiend unsated,  
Quickly moves the monstrous brand!  
By the elements is hated  
Work that's done by human hand.

From the clouds come  
 Richest blessing,  
 Rains refreshing;  
 From the clouds, 'mid thunder's crash,  
 Lightnings flash.  
 Hear'st from yon spire the wild alarm?  
 That's the storm!  
 Red as blood  
 Are the skies;  
 That is not the daylight's flood.  
 What tumults rise  
 Along each street!  
 Up, smoke and heat.  
 Through the streets, with fury flaring,  
 Stalks the fire with fiendish glaring,  
 Rushing as if the whirlwind sharing!  
 Like the blast from furnace flashing  
 Glows the air, and beams are crashing,  
 Pillars tumbling, windows creaking,  
 Mothers wandering, children shrieking  
 Beasts are moaning,  
 Running, groaning  
 'Neath the ruins; all are frightened,  
 Bright as day the night enlightened.

Through the chain of hands, extending,  
 Wi' zeal contending,  
 Flies the bucket; bow-like, soaring,  
 High in air the stream is pouring.  
 Comes the tempest, howling, roaring,  
 Rushing in the path of flame,  
 Crackling 'mid the well-dried grain,  
 In the gran'ry chambers falling,  
 'Long the well-dried rafters bawling;  
 As if 'twould surely tear, in blowing,  
 The very earth itself and bear  
 It upwards through the lurid air.  
 High as heaven the flames are growing—  
 Giant tall!  
 Hopeless, all,  
 Man submits to might o'erpow'ring;  
 Idly sees, what first seemed low'ring,  
 His work to sure destruction going.

All burnt out are  
 Town and village,  
 Rugged beds of the tempest's pillage.  
 In the hollow gaping windows  
 Gloom is sitting,  
 And the clouds, through heaven fitting,  
 Look within.

One look at last  
 Where the measure  
 Of his treasure  
 Buried lies, man turns to cast—  
 Then clutches he his staff with pleasure.  
 Whate'er the flames took from his home,  
 One solace ever him consoleth:  
 He counts the heads of those he loveth,  
 And lo! not one dear head is gone.

There is much of the rural repose of  
 "Gray's Elegy" in the following lines—  
 much of the English dignity—

Filled with grain  
 Reels the wagon,  
 Heavy-laden.  
 Bright with leaves  
 On golden sheaves  
 Garlands glance,  
 And the youngest of the reapers  
 Seek the dance.  
 Street and market grow more silent;  
 Household inmates now are seeking  
 The cheering glow of lighted tapers,  
 And closing town-gates 'gain are creaking.  
 Dark ness spreadeth  
 O'er the landscape;  
 But the honest burgher dreadeth  
 Not the night,  
 Which alarm to evil spreadeth;  
 For the eye of Law keeps watch aright.

Shakesperean in its cast are the following lines. The English has the sturdy strength of the warlike passions it depicts:

"Equalty and Freedom!" men are shrilling,  
 To arms the peaceful burghers fly,  
 The streets and halls with crowds are filling,  
 And murd'rous bands around there hie.  
 Then women, to hyenas turning,  
 'Mid horrors mock and jeer and jest,  
 And tear, with panther's frenzy burning,  
 The heart from every hostile breast.  
 There's naught that's sacred more, for breaking  
 Are all the bonds of pious fear,  
 The bad the good one's place is taking,  
 Vice knows no law in its career.  
 'Tis dangerous to wake the lion,  
 Destructive is the tiger's tooth,  
 But far more fierce, and far more fiendish,  
 Deluded man bereft of ruth.  
 Woe to them who lend the sightless  
 The heavenly torch to light the way!  
 It guides them not, it can but kindle,  
 And towns and lands in ashes lay.

The reaction of the poem is well arrested in the dropping of the curtain upon it all. We are satisfied with the bell, and quite ready at last to consign it to its exalted place—

And now employ the cable's power,  
 Raise the bell from out the ground,  
 That in its roomy, air-built tower,  
 It may reach the realms of sound!  
 Higher, higher raise!  
 Now it moves, it sways!  
 To this city Joy revealing,  
 Be PEACE the first note of its pealing.

#### A San Francisco Lady's Inquiry.

The following letter, written in German (herewith translated) is from a lady in San Francisco, from which place it was mailed on the 11th instant:

"MR. THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN, *Editor of the Times*.—HONORED SIR:—May I trespass upon your kindness by asking you to please inform me from whom your translation of Schiller's *Glocke* (Bell), commented on in our papers, may be obtained?"

You will not only thankfully oblige me by this information, but also afford several ladies of my acquaintance the great pleasure of enjoying the beauties of this wonderful and incomparable poem.

Hoping you may kindly gratify my wish, I subscribe myself, with the greatest consideration,

FRANCISCA MANTELL.

#### Thomas MacKellar's Compliment.

Thomas MacKellar, Esq., of the firm of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, type-founders, Philadelphia, sends the following under date of yesterday:

"One who can translate so well will surely distinguish himself by original work."

**Rev. Mr. Cleveland's Words of Praise.**

Rev. H. A. Cleveland, DD., of Indianapolis, Ind., formerly of this city, writes under date of the 18th instant :

"T. C. ZIMMERMAN.—*Dear Sir*:—I was delighted when I saw your 'Song of the Bell.' Your hand has yet its cunning and knows how to turn the glowing German of Schiller into glorious English. No one who is not himself a poet could translate as you have translated. Your rendering enables English readers to see, as they never before have seen, why it is that Schiller has won and held the hearts of the German people. Thanks for your insight and wonderful interpretation." Long may you live and with your fine frenzy make glad many readers as in the pealing notes of this "Song of the Bell" your "revealing" has done

**Sup't Buehrle's Congratulation.**

R. K. Buehrle, Ph. D., city superintendent of the public schools of Lancaster, writes under date of the 18th inst. :

"Having been an advocate of the study of German in our common schools now for upwards of twenty years, and having taught classes pursuing the study of that language during almost all that time, and have given more than ordinary attention to metre and versification, I may perhaps be permitted to say that I know something of the difficulty of preserving the metre of the original in the translation into English of so highly artistic a poem as the "Song of the Bell." Let the "well done" of your old friend, though it come late, not be less grateful to you, but may it rather stir you up to continue in the good work of acquainting the Germanic peoples more thoroughly with each other, by enabling this English-speaking nation also to enjoy the beautiful creations of the 'divine art' now laid up in the younger sister language."

**Franklin B. Gowen's Congratulations.**

The following letter written on the 22d of February explains itself :

"*My Dear Sir*:—I am obliged by your favor of the 14th instant, enclosing your admirable translation of "*Das Lied von der Glocke*," which I have read with great pleasure. You are to be congratulated upon the excellence of your work, and especially upon having succeeded in rendering a very faithful translation into very spirited English verse.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN.

**Prof. J. H. Dubbs's Compliment.**

Jos. Henry Dubbs, Professor in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, writes as follows :

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE. }  
LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 25, 1889. }

*My Dear Mr. Zimmerman*:—I have read your poetic versions with the keenest interest, regarding them as possessed of a very high order of merit. Good metrical translators are more rare than original poets, and their work is deserving of high appreciation. It not only involves great labor but demands peculiar talents. Poets, like Coleridge, Longfellow and Bayard Taylor have always regarded their metrical versions as equal in rank to their best original work.

The extraordinary success which has attended your labors induced me to hope that you will continue to cultivate this beautiful field. It is a grand thing to convey the best thoughts of the greatest men from one language to another, and thus to make them the property of another people. May we not hope that such work will also have a tendency to induce the young to honor their German ancestry, and to appreciate the precious literary treasures of the fatherland?

**Another Congratulation from the Pacific Coast.**

Mrs. M. P. Biddle, wife of Noble Biddle, Esq., a prominent attorney-at-law in San Jose, Cal., writes under date of the 12th thus :

MR. T. C. ZIMMERMAN.—*Dear Friend*: As the "Song of the Bell" rang out its notes of sadness and of gladness, in the new translation, to me in my home of the setting sun, I, too, join in the "well-done" and offer my congratulations.

**Letter from the Illinois Staats-Zeitung.**

The following letter from the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, the great German newspaper of the Northwest, tells its own story :

"We certainly take the greatest interest in an American who has so much love for our German poets as to undertake a translation of their works."

**Just as Schiller Wrote It.**

The Wilkesbarre *Record* of the 19th instant, has the following :

"Col Zimmerman is to be congratulated on the elegant diction and completeness of his translation, which gives the English reader Schiller's beautiful poem just as he wrote it."

**Prof. Seidensticker's High Praise.**

Prof Oswald Seidensticker, the eminent *litterateur*, who fills one of the most important chairs in the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, writes from Philadelphia under the date of March 4th instant, as follows :

PHILADELPHIA March 4, 1889.

THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, ESQ.—*Dear Mr. Zimmerman* :—Schiller's *Song of the Bell* is of all lyrics of our great poet the most unique and precious, and the admiration with which it was hailed nearly a century ago has not abated since. Hence translations into other languages foremost the English, have not been wanting. But so intimately is the spirit of the poem blended with its sonorous language and its versatile rhythm that the recasting into the mould of a foreign tongue has its peculiar difficulties. Many able men have undertaken the task and the successive attempts show a remarkable scale of improvement, as everybody must admit who compares the spirited but totally inadequate rendering of Bulwer with your own translation, which combines exactness, faithful observance of all rhythmical niceties and a fine appreciation of the poet's intention. I hope the skill which you have exhibited as a translator and the general applause with which your efforts have been rewarded, may induce you to offer in English garb many more treasures from the inexhaustible mine of German *poesie*."

**A Poet's Congratulations.**

H. L. Fisher, Esq., attorney-at-law, York, Pa., and author of several volumes of poems, in the English and Pennsylvania-German, contributed the following to the columns of the York *Daily* of a recent date :

"Of the several translations of this acknowledged masterpiece of one of Germany's many great poets, I have been familiar with but two, Longfellow's and Hempel's. As has been so well said by several of Mr. Zimmerman's critics, the beauty if not the excellence of his English versions, notably of the one more immediately under consideration, consists in that—which is the highest proof of genius—a fairly true and faithful expression of the sense without, in the least, impairing the sound—the music—of the original, or, (in my own more homely words, it is like transplanting the stalk, the bush of full-blown roses, in a noon-day summer's sun, while the flowers wilt not nor is aught of their fragrance lost.

Or, may I say, it is like rebuilding the belfry while the Song of the Bell goes on, without suffering even a discord from the sound of the (Zimmerman's) hammer. This is the work, not of the scholar, merely, but of the artist, the genius

"To further illustrate my meaning, it is only necessary to bring into contrast the first stanzas of two or three translations mentioned, in juxtaposition with the original :

Fest gemauert in der Erden  
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt,  
Heute muss die Glocke werden!  
Frisch, Gesellen, seid zur Hand!  
Von der Stirne heiss,  
Rinnen muss der Schweiß,  
Soll dass Werk der Meister loben;  
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

—Schiller.

Fast in its prison walls of earth,  
Awaits the mould of bak-ed clay.  
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—  
The Bell that shall be born to-day!  
Who would honor obtain,  
With the sweat and the pain,  
The praise that man gives to the master must  
buy!  
But the blessings withal must descend from on  
high!

—Hempel

Firmly walled in earth, and steady,  
Stands the mold of well-burnt clay.  
Quick, now, workmen, be ye ready!  
Forth must come the bell to-day!  
Hot from forehead's glow  
Must the sweat-drops flow,  
Should the master praise be given;  
Yet the blessing comes from Heaven.

—Zimmerman.

**What the Westliche Post Says.**

A marked copy of the *Westliche Post*, the great German newspaper of the West, published at St. Louis, was sent to the office of the TIMES. It contained the following paragraph :

"There are already existing a number of excellent translations into the English of the "Bell," from Bulwer's to Rev. Furness's, of Philadelphia, which, up to the present time, has been judged to be the best, but which, indeed, is excelled by that of Mr. Zimmerman in the accuracy of the rendition of the original."

**High Compliments from Lebanon.**

[From the Lebanon Courier.]

Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading TIMES, in whom Lebanon, and the *Courier* office particularly, feel a pride, is now the acknowledged most successful translator of German poetry that has ever essayed that work. With a profound understanding of the German language, and true poetic inspiration, German poetry in no way loses force nor beauty in his translations.

## The Luther Hymn.

Following is an extract from a sermon preached in Salem's Lutheran church at Lebanon, by Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, on Mr. Zimmerman's translation of "*Ein feste Burg*:"

A native of Lebanon has been led to link his name with Luther's, and as a consequence "no small stir" has arisen throughout these regions. Our representative townspeople have been moved to express a glowing appreciation of the work of both, and also of that hymn for the ages, which Carlyle compares to "a sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes," whose weighty, though rugged resonance will be prolonged, and whose faith-inspired and faith-inspiring outbursts will rise to the skies long after "Hold the Fort" with its transient fervor will have passed away with the hosts of ephemeral songs of today and been buried in the grave of oblivion.

Thus one of our prominent citizens writes to the new translator: "The rendition of the soul-stirring hymn of Luther I regard as your crowning effort. It makes my blood tingle when reading it. Oh, that we would realize at every step of our weary pilgrimage, that, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*'. Who can estimate what the outcome of such a faith would be? You have done a public service in placing a thorough translation of the grand old lyric in the hands of our people, especially the rising generation God bless you."

One of our leading ladies of the Presbyterian church writes: "I thank you for the pleasure the reading of your fine translation of Luther's noble hymn has given me \* \* \* \* That the simple, yet lofty faith and exultation in one 'Mighty to Save,' breathed forth in every stanza of the hymn may ever be the expression of your heart as well as your pen, is the best wish I can offer you."

Another writes: "A work of inspira-

tion. Great in burning, thrilling, poetical development."

These words are spray-drops from a wave of enthusiasm that has rolled widely beyond local bounds, reaching even to the sunny slopes of California. Ex-Governor Hoyt writes to the translator. "There is such a general consensus of opinion from those entitled to speak of your translation of Luther's Battle Hymn of the Reformation," that I add my congratulations with something of diffidence. If Luther's hymn in the original is as good for a 'German' as yours is for an 'American' it is good enough." Prof. Porter of Lafayette College speaks to the public in a translation of his own Dr. Jacobs of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary does the same. An unpublished one of Dr. Seiss, the eloquent Lutheran pulpit orator, is brought to light. Geo. W. Childs publishes a long complimentary article in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and takes occasion to write personally several times. A Presbyterian clergyman from Detroit, Michigan, writes: "It is remarkably well done, preserving the simplicity and majesty while it presents the force and characteristic ruggedness of the famous stirring hymn. Your verse is altogether good, and has the ring of battle throughout. 'A Rock-bound Fortress is our God,' could not be improved, and see that you put no file upon the last four lines." Similar strains come from a prominent clergyman in Philadelphia, and from many quarters, but perhaps the most surprising tribute to the hymn and its author is the one coming from a Methodist pulpit. Such a glorious eulogy of Luther, and his faith, and his heart, and his singing, have rarely been heard from even a Lutheran pulpit. He is described as belonging to every age—to every country—to every church—as the "solar center of undulations which have filled the world with light and glory, and those undulations shall continue so long as the

es of the ocean shall beat upon the  
res of time and even into the great  
ond."

**Talk of Putting it in the Hymn-Books.**

The *Westliche Post* of St. Louis, Mo., most influential German newspaper the West, formerly owned by Joseph Plitzer, of the New York *World*, and at the time edited by Carl Schurz, says: "In another part of to-day's paper is printed, side by side with the German original text, an English translation of Martin Luther's '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*.'" The transferring into English is the meritorious work of Thos. C. Zimmerman, editor of the *Reading Times*. So beautiful is the translation, that there is already talk of substituting it for the present version in the English Lutheran hymn books.

**Reception of the Song in the Fifth Street M. E. Church.**

Following is from the *READING TIMES* of February 27, 1888:

Standing room was held at premium in the Fifth Street M. E. church last evening, aisles, gallery and every available space about the large auditorium being crowded with an anxious and expectant audience to hear Mrs. James C. Brown, assisted by a special choir, under the direction of Mr. T. W. Frescoln, render Mr. T. C. Zimmerman's translation of Luther's great battle hymn, "*Ein feste Burg*." Among the audience were a large number of prominent citizens and members of other congregations. That the rendition of the hymn was appreciated by the large congregation is shown in the fact that the choir was requested to repeat the first stanza, and gratefully complied. The soloist, Mrs. Brown, as well as the members of the choir, were complimented on all sides, and certainly deserved it all. The stanzas were sung alternately as solo and chorus, and were rendered with fine effect.

After a brief introductory service Rev. S. H. Hoover preached on the text, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*." Following is the concluding paragraph:

"I esteem it both a privilege and an honor to introduce to this vast audience and to the singing world of God's worshippers what will probably come to be regarded as the best translation of the immortal battle-hymn of the Reformation, though it has been singing in cathedral, temple, meeting-house, in the cloisters of the saints, for nearly four hundred years.

I refer to the translation from the pen of our talented fellow-townsmen, Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the *READING TIMES*. He has not only stormed and taken "*Ein feste Burg*," but captured the hearts also of the sweet singers of Israel. How was it done? Whence his secret! May it not lie in this, that, discarding all other translations, he drew himself up so close to the original that the heart of the great reformer telephoned across the centuries its own swing of rugged force and defiance, so that it is not the editor of the *TIMES*, but the Reformer himself who sings."

**Dr. Mann's Eloquent Tribute.**

The late Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., of Philadelphia, probably the foremost German Lutheran preacher in this country, wrote as follows:

"He (Martin Luther) has set aglow the musical genius and the imaginative powers of artists, and now he has by his magic art elicited from you a brilliant spark and poured a flood of light upon that soul-stirring '*Ein feste Burg*.'" It takes a poet to be moved by a poet. Let me congratulate you on your eminent success in most happily—not translating, but—reproducing in the cognate English language that emperor among the royal assembly of ancient German church songs."

**Rev. Dr. Schmucker's Tribute.**

The late Rev. B. M. Schmucker, D. D., said among other things:

"Mr. Zimmerman's translation has so many excellencies that it must be placed in the list of those which deserve special attention, and by their merits demand the consideration of those who seek for, and would use the hymn in English.

\* \* "When I consider the translations of this hymn which so many men and women eminent for their poetic gifts and for their experience as translators have produced, I am the more impressed with the distinction and honor due to Mr. Zimmerman for the very excellent and commendable rendering of it which he has given us."

**What the Phila. Ledger Says.**

\* \* Mr. Zimmerman has not only seized the meaning of the author, but he has so put it into an English clothing as to show that the real bone and sinew of the original still live in its new dress.

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